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# The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

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## America

IF energy alone could make a civilization, America would lead the world in culture. Some American short stories and novels are so energetic that it wearies a tired man to read them. They are high-pressure, double-charged interest getters, taking any hill on high gear, with interchangeable parts and a moneyback guarantee attached by the publishers.

The hacks who write these stories are more energetic than French and British hacks, just as American bankers and salesmen are more energetic than their competitors abroad. The country that produces them is boiling with energy. Indeed the hack writers of a generation are a good measure of its literary vitality; when literature is booming, they boom too; the spacious days of Queen Elizabeth let their suns go down on innumerable hacks of talent and the Augustan Age invented Grub Street. Our journalists, novelists, feature writers, short-story writers, live with a punch and write with a punch. Poets write more verse here than elsewhere, just as California trees bear more fruit. More plays are produced annually in New York than in any two cities of the Old World.

Energy is characteristic of whatever deserves the name of literature in America. Our serious fiction buds and branches like rank growth in Spring, and every kind of story is being tried, from the most archaic to the most modern. The French inventions are few in number and it is easy to see where the British are weak and where they are strong, but there is not a possibility for fiction where Americans are not failing or succeeding, or both. There is no common denominator for "The Plutocrat," "Death Comes for the Archbishop," "Elmer Gantry," "Manhattan Transfer," and the stories of Ring Lardner, except energy.

We have energy to sell and need borrow none from abroad, where indeed it is notably lacking, especially among the younger writers. It is not a time for borrowing anything from Europe except those moving ideas which must always sweep backward and forward across the seas. Fastidious imitations of English urbanity or French phrase are the pallid streaks in American literature, and the only really successful imitator of the British style of social writing is Sinclair Lewis, whose adaptation of the Wellsian novel is so powerful that everyone, including himself, forgets where it came from. The Gallicized intellectuals who try to play with their scene as Gide and Cocteau are playing with France, are more fragile than their originals; and that post-war philosophy of disillusionment in which nothing has more than a relative importance and mere sensation shines with a febrile glimmer against a dark background of incoherence, simply will not export to America. Books that carry it here are, with very few exceptions, academic exercises in the expression of despair. The idea of life as an illusion of the senses with no governing principle grows feeble and literary when it encounters the rushing, roaring energy of America. It may be true, but it does not seem true, where so much is doing.

Our young writers are going to Paris and London, especially Paris, now as never before. They will find nothing being written there more vital than what we are producing here. They will find less inventiveness in technique, a narrower range of literary subjects, and in style precisely those results of a long and homogeneous culture which it is most dangerous for an outsider to imitate. The great scientific, social, and philosophic ideas of post-War Europe reach Ann Arbor or San Francisco more rapidly than the stranger in the cafés and studios of Paris. Indeed, relativity, the cyclism of history, economic internationalism have scarcely touched contemporary French and British literature, which is a closet affair. Einstein is likely to mean more to an American in New York than when he is in Grenoble, Chelsea, the Rive Gauche, or Oxford.

But if we cannot learn style we may learn much from abroad about the meaning of a good life and all that is implied thereby. We may adjust our sense of values which at present is knocked askew by the cost of living and the prestige of financial success. The problem is not to learn how to write like a European, but to learn how *not* to write like the stereotypes of the million-circulation American magazines. The young American has everything—energy, a great market rapidly extending into Europe, a new self-confidence, a vastly interesting scene, the richest, the most varied, and most mobile since the Renaissance, a country prolific in character types, a nation diverse yet so unified in custom and

(*Continued on page* 118)

## *Descent*

By WITTER BYNNER

WE have come along a trail of blood,
And here we are.
We sit on our civilized haunches
And gaze at a star.
We apply our hands to a lever
And turn on the force
And finally murder a neighbor
Of course.

## This Week

"Understanding America." Reviewed by *Ralph Barton Perry.*
"The Women at Point Sur." Reviewed by *Herbert Gorman.*
"Zelda Marsh." Reviewed by *Ernest Sutherland Bates.*
"God Got One Vote." Reviewed by *Elmer Davis.*
"Balbus." Reviewed by *Amabel Williams-Ellis.*
"Jean Paul Marat." Reviewed by *John M. S. Allison.*
Wilfrid Gibson's Collected Poems. Reviewed by *William S. Johnson.*
"A Book of Shanties." Reviewed by *Joanna C. Colcord.*

## Next Week, or Later

With the issue of October 1 the *Saturday Review of Literature* will begin a new department, The Children's Bookshop, intended for parents.

It will also run the first of a series of twelve essays by the Editor, Henry Seidel Canby, on important new books.

## Publicity

*(An Epistle to Alexander Pope, Esq., on Rereading His Stories and Moral Essays)*

By LEE WILSON DODD

AWAKE, my Alexander! where you lie
Snug in Elysium; put your poppies by;
Shake off Eternity's soft indolence,
But O! inspire me with your infinite sense.
The times are out of joint, they always are;
Rages, as in your day it raged, the Star:
Named of the Dog, it maddens! past a doubt
Hell's Psychiatric Clinic is let out.
Our Wits now swarm from Bedlam, and our Wise
Stare on each other with a wild surmise,
While furious Propaganda, with her brand,
Fires the dry prairies of our wide Waste Land;
Making the Earth, Man's temporal station, be
One stinking altar to Publicity.
Touts from the house-tops bawl their wares abroad,
From Sex to Service, Cigarettes to God;
These bang the drum and those the cymbals clash
For Righteousness and Comfort, Christ and Cash;
While, crowding through dull booths for trade designed,
All dead to Shame, and moribund to Mind,
Science and Art turn mountebanks and shriek
*"This way for Beauty! Truth is cheap this week!"*

What ails the world, my Alexander, say!
Slumber no more in listless holiday.
Fly to one poet's aid whose stammering pen
Would emulate your poise and point again.
Mark our pert manners, morals, and one loss
That dulls the sun and dwindles gold to dross,
Our lack of civilized humility:
For, sure, God laughs when fishes scorn the Se
Yet Man, mad Reasoner, reasons Mind to nough
And, curs'd with wordy arrogance of thought,
O'erlooks a small, still flame within his breast
Whose wordless beauty makes God manifest.

Quick, then! your rapier-quill, your fencer's wr
Your magic ink, vitriol and amethyst!
And lend me, last, one-tenth your art to mend
My cloudy verse, clear guide, philosopher, a friend.

Small was your close-till'd garden, 'twas "
Town,"
Where mind touched mind, and who was up, w
down,
Known unto each, made London a neat page,
Clear printed, legible: from Court to Stage,
From Wills to Whitehall, from the Change to K
Nothing was won or wasted but all knew.
Thus, in reducing mirror, you could scan
What seemed a Universe of simplest plan,
And vindicate the ways of God to Man.
But now our Town's the Planet; there's no
Left to epitomize the human race.
London's a chaos and New York a swirl:
Who gibes at Crooked as you gibed at Curl,
Certain that all who read the name must smil
With swift acceptance of his craft, your guil
Where none is ever silent, no one's heard;
Where most are frantic, all appear abs
Itching Publicity defeats its aim,
For who's conspicuous where all
Thus Peacock, Rat, and Rabbit
Wail "LOOK AT ME!" and va

We have lost much for satire t
Kings, courtiers, fatuous patro

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The little gilded circles of the Great,
Born into power and eminent by Fate.
A capful of aristocrats in lace
No longer hide the keys of Fame and Place:
Now, faith! we are ruled by men who feign to be
The loyal lackeys of Democracy;
Who execute the Will of All (they say),
But mulct and manage us the same old way.
For cold and avaricious men are still
The People's masters, and we do their will:
While, oft, th' elected Figureheads of State
Serve but as clowns and mummers till, too late,
Turning our eyes a moment from the Show,
We see our wallets and our watches go
(Whither no watch or wallet e'er returns)
Into some Bandit-Banker's smoking urns.
There, mixed with Oil and Brass, our scrapings fall
Into a magic Fund, named Capital,
Controlled by Few, and those not always known,
The Master-Guardians of Lord Mammon's Throne.

Not, mark you, that I deem our fate unjust,
For Indolence is lawful prey to Lust.
Only through lust of power our Masters dree
The pains, to win the prize, of mastery.
Sad prize, methinks! nor worth the nauseous fight.
And yet you sang, WHATEVER Is, Is RIGHT:
Provoking thus, no doubt, the Cynic's song
(WHATEVER Is, OR Is TO BE, Is WRONG)
Drowning my milder music, who would go
Only so far, WHATEVER Is, Is So.

Meanwhile this Planet-Town raves on, uncheck'd,
And who's to be th' Angelic Architect
Shall mould its chaos to a firm design
And crown the Future with his living line,
You who are nearer to the Source may guess;
But I'm nor Pope nor Prophet, I confess.
I can but note the surface of the Play:
What Armies enter, and what march away;
What Rascals triumph and what Heroes fall;
What gods they worship, or no God at all.
Lo, by yon Altar, crawling crowds who press
Forward to kiss the heelmarks of Success;
Yonder, uncounted forms, each with his Glass,
Kneel to transformed reflections, Ass by Ass.
Or those, or these, do I the more applaud
For modern Piety, who drool and nod
To Self or to Success, our Male and Female God?

ace to all such! But others I would slay
o make an Alexandrian holiday.
ur brethren of the Cloth, who dare not look
yond the covers of one ancient Book,
st Hebrew folklore, jeopardized thereby,
eet with a poisonous fact or two, and die.
ur younger brethren of the Cloth, who use
outworn jargon when they face their pews,
ich, elsewhere, their superior smiles reject;
d, when abroad; in Church, more circumspect;
mi-Tartuffes, who reinterpret all
eir sacred rites; conduct a funeral,
otize, or give Communion, with immense
it private) doses of Pickwickian sense.
nsider Guff, Jehovah's base buffoon:
ve Fundamentalist! From moon to moon
bays of Sin, Damnation, and the Pit,
cing his Shaman howls with infra-Shavian wit;
en agitates for LAWS, and ever MORE,
banish Freedom and make Love a whore;
ilst Fluff, comedian of a subtler stripe,
ispers that Fundamentalism's tripe;
n, beaming through the lilies, Easter Day,
nts, "Our Redeemer liveth! Let us pray."
on one dogma Guff and Fluff agree,
nperate zealots for Publicity;
count that Sabbath lost whose setting sun
no Front-Page Campaign for Fluff and Guff
begun.

Scholarship, nor Science, may I spare.
was, the dedicated Scholar's care
to be faultless in his sensitive task;
Fame did he pursue, nor Comfort ask;
's anchorite, too proud to imitate
d ambitions of the Rich, the Great,
t as Milton or Erasmus wrought,
scendental goals of thought;
duous skill to ply
Task-Master's eye.
y schoolboy now may smile
ged in Milton's style,
an cosmogony!
erfection is life's key,
Stamped, filed, and polished by the patient Soul
To open Wisdom's door and then control.
'Tis through self-mastery the tolerant Wise
(How obvious is God's truth, which fools despise!)
Act *well* their chosen part—"there all the honor lies."

There all the honor lies, but not th' acclaim
Of ignorant multitudes, which men call Fame.
There all the honor lies, but profits lurk
Rather in self-laudation than good work.
The Scholar, now, the Scientist, both vie
With Sheiks and Vampires for the public eye,
With Pugilists and Columnists, 'tis clear,
For the monop'ly of the public ear.
Once timid in dim corners, like the mouse,
Professors now, like actors, "count the house,"
"Take stage," demand a "spot," inspire a "clack,"
And, to "get laughs," will sit upon a tack,
Or do a "prat fall" with the veriest clown
To gain th' attention of our Planet-Town.
For Dr. Blah a bold hypothesis
Proclaimed abroad is Apotheosis;
To startle, or to thrill, is all his care,
Wherefore he keeps and grooms a nesting mare,
Forth from whose addled eggs great Marvels, sure,
Burst into Print! Hoop la! a Cancer Cure!
Proves Ectoplasm an Etheric Wave!
Finds a live Pterodactyl in a Cave!
Communicates with Saturn! Changes Rat
From Male to Female! Educates a Cat!
Perfects Atomic Motor! Turns pure Silk
To Radium! Conquers Death with Turtles' Milk!
Or, in another vein: Psychologist
Says Paranoiacs never have been kiss'd!
Or, W——n demonstrates that human thought is
But a contraction of the Epiglottis!
Or, Herr Direktor Lästigkeit is sure
Sex-perverts only write good Literature!
Such are the grave pronouncements of our Wise,
And in such verbiage all their honor—*lies*.

Nor do our *Literati* lag behind
In loud laryngeal fits of mindless Mind.
Seizing on wind-pipe speculations, they
Collect Thought's tatters to trick out a play,
To crazy-patch a novel, or rehearse
Asylum-eccentricities in verse.
Lo, the poor Indian, Gertrude Stein! whose brain
Tangled in echolalia writhes in vain;
Joyce, in whose babble-jargoning is heard
Old Night's obscene and "uncreating word,"
Almost persuading Sherwood Anderson
Libido's ultimate Freedom has begun!
Libido, land-locked in her muddy scow,
Sex at the helm and Mammon at the prow,
Dull procuress to Dollars, bawd to Wit—
(If this be treason, make—Freudians—the most of it!)

Meanwhile, our Critics and our Highbrows vie
In proving Life is worthless, Love a lie,
All Aspiration a mechanic thrust
Toward power, an eddy of the soulless dust;
All Goodness but desire inhibited,
And Death a meaningless satire on the dead.
Man's a contraption, they assert, who came
To consciousness by accident, whose flame
Is but a spark struck from the flinty breast
Of Nature by the friction of unrest:
A spark, 'tis true, that knows itself to be
A spark—yet quails before mortality;
A foolish spark, whose self-awareness gains
It nothing but illusion, passing pains,
More transient pleasures, throe or throb or trance,
Amid th' electrons unintentioned dance.
Thus is the Mind by its own maggots soiled,
Whose only virtue now's to be "hard-boiled,"
Tough-fibred, fatuous, cynically pert,
Unwarm'd by sunshine, undismay'd by dirt,
Stolid toward beauty and anæsthetized
To all that Socrates or Plato prized,
To all Isaiah dreamed of, Jesus knew,
To all th' ineffable bloom of life, the dew
Upon hope's rose, the lustre, the pure gleam
Of spirit caught from Spirit, streams from Stream.

No, no, my Alexander, do not wake!
Drowse on untroubled for Elysium's sake!
'Twould mar your rest, and others' rest, to gain
A bird's-eye prospect of our World's sick brain.
Nay, do not cloud one dream of Lamb's, nor fret
Montaigne!
Let not our aberrations jog Voltaire,
Or rouse deep Rabelais from his easy chair;
Shock from long slumber Lucian, or perchance
Spoil the first naps of Butler or of France:
All mockers of false gods, who loved the True,
As all who labor for perfection do:
Yea, mocking, they revered the mystery
Of Mind, its ardor and integrity,
Its fine discriminations and far sweep,
As Atom thrills to Atom, Deep to Deep.

# The American Malady

UNDERSTANDING AMERICA. By LANGDON MITCHELL. New York: George H. Doran Company. 1927. $3.

Reviewed by RALPH BARTON PERRY
Harvard University

IT is hard to speak anything but good of this book, or perhaps one should say, of the author as his book reveals him. When any of his virtues gives out, there is always some other to stop the breach. He is often wise, but when he is not, he is amusing, and when he is either of these, or neither, he is genial. This last is perhaps his greatest virtue. For America is in great need at present of genial critics. There is not much point in criticizing people if they hate you for it, or if, having read you once they resolve never to do so again; or if you so antagonize them that they firmly resolve never, if they know it, to agree with you. Stuart Sherman being so disastrously and prematurely lost to American criticism, there is the greater need of Langdon Mitchell. For he can do what Stuart Sherman did, and what so few can do,—he can make the plain truths palatable and the old-fashioned goodness new.

The basic element in the composition of the genial critic is probity. He would rather be right than witty, and then, being right, is happily also witty. But conjoined with this element there must be scholarship, that ripe acquaintance with the past, that sympathetic penetration to the inwardness of things, of which tolerance and humanity are the inevitable effects and the surest symptoms. Langdon Mitchell is a traditionalist,—of a sort. He speaks well of Christian-American institutions and commends a patriotic devotion to them, not from partisan zeal, but from understanding. His traditionalism is tempered with qualities of universality and humility that open the mind to the present, and conciliate opponents. He is an urbane provincial, an American to whom it is neither incredible nor intolerable that there should also be other and non-American things in the world.

Much of what passes as criticism in America today is a tedious abuse of something called "Puritanism," having neither the historical understanding nor the disinterestedness which even satire requires. If there be any animus in the author of the present volume, it is a distortion produced by this present current of feeling. He is evidently fair to Puritanism, but is disposed to exaggerate its effects. The core of the book is the diagnosis of "The American Malady." The malady consists not in America's racial inheritance, or political institutions, or national heroes, because, as the author wisely observes, "the virtues and values of a people do not constitute their weakness." The centre of the trouble is a boredom, produced by the lack of a true conception of the "good life." Americans do not understand that the love of nature and poetry and music express the deeper needs of human nature, and that there can be no human contentment unless these needs are satisfied. There is a sordid and dyspeptic quality in American life, a lack of graciousness and joy.

Granting the at least partial truth of this description, what is the cause? The author is disposed, in common with so many of his contemporaries, to find the indictment against the ascetic and iconoclastic influence of Puritanism. Surely Puritanism is not guiltless in the matter. But unless we are to accept the over-subtle dialetics of Freudianism how are we to account in terms of Puritanism for the flagrant failures of anti-Puritanism? Are pictographic journalism, reckless automobilism, hectic athleticism, and atavistic jazzism to be laid at the door of Puritanism? And what are we to make of the fact that the dreariness and vacancy which the author so deprecates are most characteristic, not of the heroic days when Puritans abounded, but of these ultra-modern days in which it is the fashion to despise them?

The fact is a much more complicated matter.

America's vulgarism is due, among other things,

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to the profound and irreversible social revolution, by which in order that all may be fed, the essences of cultural nutriment have been diluted. This is an inevitable but not a permanent and incurable cause. A second and more powerful cause, the cure of which is not yet apparent, is the progressive industrialization of American society. Wealth and talent are concentrated in great cities, surrounded by impermeable masses which are aggregated but not really socialized. The countryside is denuded of its civilizing leaders and domestic centres. The common motives of business are either money or the pleasure of the gains. Neither of these rewards is deeply or permanently satisfying, and there results a craving for compensations, which take the form either of the pleasure of exhaustion or the pleasures of excitement. It seems clear, then, that "the American malady" cannot be cured by abating the rigors of Puritanism. It can be cured, if at all, only by such a change in the temper and tempo of modern life as shall render making a living or a fortune more consistent with polite leisure and human social relations. In order that men shall love nature and poetry and music, it is not sufficient that their religion or their irreligion should *permit* it; it is necessary that conditions of time and place and social environment should be auspicious.

# Jeffers, Metaphysician

THE WOMEN AT POINT SUR. By Robinson Jeffers. New York: Boni & Liveright. 1927. $2.50.

Reviewed by Herbert Gorman

IF one of the functions of poetry is to achieve pity and terror Robinson Jeffers would seem to accomplish his high purpose in "The Women at Point Sur." Yet an uneasy suspicion that all is not as it should be haunts the commentator as he proceeds through these sonorous lines, abrupt imageries, and broken rhythms. The unfolded tale of mystical lecheries and perversions strikes against the sensitivity too vigorously, the effects—when we analyze them—are too easily achieved, and the cumulative impression that is carried away is more that of a reflected madness than an achieved katharsis. It is evident enough that Mr. Jeffers intended "The Women at Point Sur" to be an intensive tragedy of megalomaniacal insanity but one is also suspicious that the poet conceived a metaphysical method in this madness, that his Barclay was projected as an implication of the released urge in the human brain and emotions toward Godhead, an urge that unmistakably devours itself as it completes the vicious circle of unhinged ardors and smashed molds. To vindicate these metaphysical implications Barclay would have to arouse a more or less exalted terror in the reader, a terror that somehow merges into a vast pity.

Instead of this, Barclay arouses horror. His purpose, though dynamically restated several times and symbolically implied throughout, is never quite clear. We know that he is a minister who has lost his faith and has gone mad in the attempted sublimation of himself, that he becomes a prophet and a god in his own mind, that he proposes to smash through the crust of established humanity and achieves the intolerable symbol of this liberation in the violation of his own daughter, but the bright flash of poetic light that would make all this monstrous endeavor clear and purposeful never flares across the poem. Though Barclay may cry:

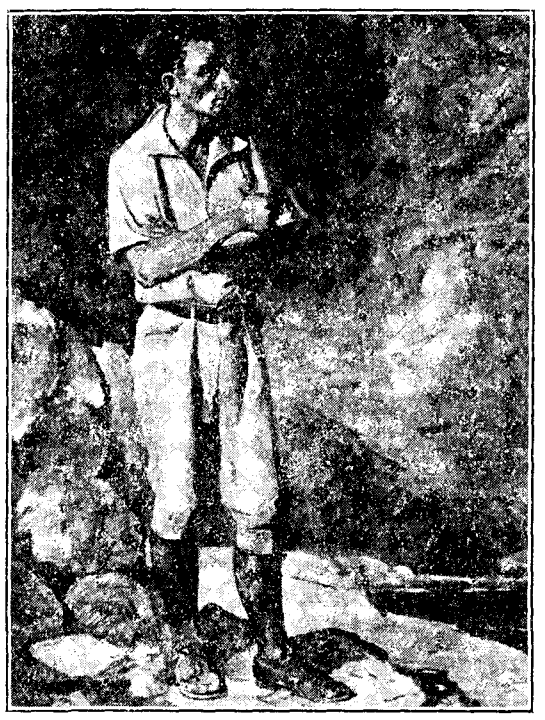
> I have come to establish you
> Over the last deception, to make men like God
> Beyond good and evil,

we are never quite sure of the method.

Mr. Jeffers's metaphysics are doubtful, fragmentarily elucidated, and rather clogging to the surge of his poem. When one of the characters says to Barclay, "You've got outside humanity," it is rather to be suspected that this is the poet's own conviction as regards his central figure. Yet we perceive that Barclay has not got outside humanity, that his prophetical urgings toward sexual freedom, his deflowerment of his daughter, his foggy utterances that his disciples—mainly neurotic women—*be* their desires, "break custom, flame, flame, enter freedom," but plunges him deeper and deeper into the muddy coil of humanity. Instead of rising above a world of men and women he sinks beneath it and instead of freeing himself he becomes the insane slave of his urges. There are times when his purpose appears to be a spiritual anarchy but it is never irresponsible. He is continually lashed on by the mystical whips of his theories. Of course, all this may be semi-excused by the argument that Barclay is intended to be physiologically insane, that his brain has snapped under the frightful emotional strain of the feverish search for God, that "The Women at Point Sur" is, in effect, no more than a study in megalomania and its reactions on the ingrowing minds of sexually unbalanced women, but if this were wholly so the poem would hardly have any excuse for being. And, besides, we have Mr. Jeffers, in the "Prelude," apparently speaking in his own person:

> I said, "Humanity is the start of the race, the gate to break away from, the coal to kindle,
> The blind mask crying to be slit with eye-holes."
> Well, now it is done, the mask slit, the rag burnt, the starting-post left behind: but not in a fable.
> Culture's outlived, art's root-cut, discovery's
> The way to walk in. Only remains to invent the language to tell it. Match-ends of burnt experience
> Human enough to be understood,
> Scraps and metaphors will serve. The wine was a little too strong for the new wine-skins. . . .

It is his purpose to slit the eye-holes of the blind mask of humanity, then, but for some reason the knife of his genius is not sharp enough. He is right in pointing out that the wine was a little too strong for it is obvious that *his* wine-skin burst under the



ROBINSON JEFFERS
From a portrait by Rensen

fermenting strain. If his purpose is to exhibit the mortal urge to smash the crust between man and godhead he proves, perhaps unconsciously, that such an urge is sheer madness. After all, the crust between man and godhead *is* man, Mr. Jeffers seems to intimate, and that, after all, is not more than Christian theology. This reasoning may be far from Mr. Jeffers's conception of his poem but the assumptions, if they are mistaken, are the result of Mr. Jeffers's failure to elucidate his poem and to achieve that high clarity that should have been his purpose. Now this implied obscurity is, perhaps, one of the great flaws in the poet's work for he seems to have the power (or the trick) to suggest that his work contains more than is actually in it. This bright shell of rolling lines and sonorous utterances and philosophical innuendoes so starred with astonishing images that smash out at the reader with the force of a gigantic blow suggests a colossus in California and because of this Mr. Jeffers has brought to his defence a number of sturdy champions who see in him a poet of major magnitude. This commentator cannot subscribe to that generous estimate although he is quite willing to admit that "Tamar," "Roan Stallion," and "The Women at Point Sur" are not all sound and fury. There is a core of intensive and exalted poetry but it is semi-smothered by a number of wilful urges, sexual obsessions, fogginesses of utterance, undisciplined ardors, prophetic predilections. The lion roars a little too loudly at times.

If we sit down calmly and observe just what it is that astounds us in Mr. Jeffers's work we shall see that no overpowering passages haunt the memory, that no memorable truths are set forward in unforgettable language but that we are astonished first of all, at the starkly frank handling of a number of sexual situations and perversions. Rape, incest, and zoophilism are not the usual ingredients of American poetry and when we find these aberrations sublimated through emotional intensity and a mystical fury we are bound to be impressed. There is a solitary courage in Mr. Jeffers that arouses admiration. This courage extends to his technical armory, and his free rolling cadenced lines (which, after all, are not always poetry but a resonant rhetoric) seem peculiarly adapted to his subject matter. He is, then, a dynamic figure whose gestures exceed his grasp, whose fierce urge is well symbolized through his constant reiterations of rocky coasts, roaring seas, hawks, and forest-fires on desolate mountain-sides. A foggy and mystical ontology moves behind his work always though there are times when it is not directly expressed. As for being a great poet "The Women at Point Sur" should answer that question. He is not. It is but justice, however, to point out that he is an original poet and often the creator of highly-moving passages.

# Love and Lust

ZELDA MARSH: By Charles G. Norris. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1927. $2.50.

Reviewed by Ernest Sutherland Bates

PERHAPS Hilaire Belloc was right a few days or more ago in prophesying the speedy decline of the novel. To be sure such a forecast at the present moment seems a little like announcing the imminent demise of the Republican party, the disappearance of Rotarian societies, or the extinction of the bootlegger. Never were there so many novels in the bookstores, never was fiction read by so large a mass of people. But literary forms when they go sometimes go quickly. At any rate, the notable return of the novel in recent years to the biographical form in which it originated, coincident with the enormous vogue of what might be called novelized biography, forces the query whether fiction is not passing again into the fact from which it arose.

These reflections are suggested by the "Zelda Marsh" of Mr. Charles Norris. If Defoe were alive today one feels that he—who would have been scandalized by Thomas Hardy and would have yawned over Henry James—would prick up his ears and lick his chops over "Zelda Marsh." The author of "Roxana" and "Moll Flanders" would feel at home in this atmosphere. Time wasted, he might think, on the San Francisco and New York backgrounds—although he would grant their vividness. But the story itself—this picture of sordidness relieved by occasional snatches of beauty, this tale of intertwined love and lust, with human relationships insanely, chaotically, clutching and pulling now right, now left, now up, now down,—yes, he would say, these are the facts of life, the same, I see, in the twentieth century as in the eighteenth. One thing alone would trouble him—the absence of those moralizings dear to the eighteenth-century heart. Mr. Norris, like his contemporaries, rigidly eschews what in earlier days seemed the chief advantage of the novel—the opportunity to give at one time the text of life and the auctorial gloss. The gloss has now disappeared. Is this an even further yielding to fact than Defoe contemplated? Or is it merely better art? Is Mr. Norris himself taken in by the heroics of his heroine at the end of the book? His only comment is the quotation from Massinger on the title-page:

> Virtue's but a word
> Fortune rules all.

But is this quotation an ironic comment on the story? Or is the story an ironic comment on the quotation?

Zelda Marsh is the daughter of the proprietor of a cheap hotel in Bakersfield, California, in the early days when Bakersfield was more like itself than it is today. In her rough surroundings the motherless child grows into a highly-sexed girlhood which seems headed in but one direction. To save her from her clearly impending fate, the father sends her to be brought up by a pious uncle and aunt in San Francisco. But she is saved—in so far as she is saved—not against but through her fate: a compromising love affair at seventeen with a young art student, an imprisoned life of three years as the secret mistress of a moist and flabby old doctor, marriage to a boisterous and cheap "ham actor," life on the vaudeville stage, poverty and grime, sickness and misery, a bowing acquaintance with affluence and the prospect of a happy love quickly terminated by one of those acts of quixotic renunciation which the world calls noble. Mr. Norris has succeeded in making Zelda's fascination over most of the men she meets perfectly plausible, while if she is not so fascinating to us it is because we see her more completely than they do. Her personality is a convincing

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mixture of sensuousness, generosity, sentimentalism, and high, vague loyalties. At first indolent, self-indulgent, deceitful, the prey of every emotion, a creature invertebrate and sprawling, she is battered into shape by circumstance until she is no longer its victim but its victor. It matters not whether her final gesture is noble or idiotic, the world can no longer touch her. Zelda moves out of the story triumphant—and into our memories. To lapse into Elizabethanism one might adapt Massinger's lines more closely to the tale:

Virtue's a name that Fortune sometimes takes
When Fortune Fortune's self would overthrow.

# Democracy at Work

GOD GOT ONE VOTE. By FREDERICK HAZLITT BRENNAN. New York: Simon & Schuster. $2.50.

Reviewed by ELMER DAVIS

A TITLE so magnificent lays a burden on a novel, and it is no particular discredit to Mr. Brennan that he never quite lives up to it. From internal evidence alone one infers that this is the first novel of a City Hall reporter, who will probably write better novels later; for he has an instinctive feeling for vivid and salient character which he has not yet learned to get over to the reader. Two or three of the persons in this book are alive and excellent; the rest are merely personifications of the malign or beneficent forces of human nature. It is valuable chiefly as a manual of municipal politics and a graph of the changes in municipal political practice and ideals in the last thirty years.

The unnamed city in which Patrick Van Hoos rises from hod carrier to boss is obviously St. Louis, but most of the details of local political operations would fit any city in the country. Particularly in the early chapters, when Patrick Van Hoos was only a ward heeler, Mr. Brennan has set down in detail a good deal of material of much historical value; put together his report on urban politics with the account of rural politics in Louis Ludlow's recent "Senator Solomon Spiffledink" and you have a picture of democracy at work that must give considerable pain to the high-minded.

Pat Van Hoos started with the idea that "I'm willing to do dirty work for the party. It's got to be done. But I ain't no crook on my own." And to that resolution he held pretty firmly, despite his enrichment by the honest graft of city contracts. When as a newly married man he let his wife persuade him to run for Alderman, his political godfather Dion O'Mara was gravely distressed. "Office holders," he observed, "have to please all the people all the time an' it can't be done. It gets 'em in the end. If ye'll take my advice ye'll stay on the decent side av polytics an' be a boss." Which Patrick Van Hoos did, only to discover after a quarter of a century that "the city owned him. He was not Boss Van Hoos. He was the people's common property, the creature of those who called themselves wets and drys, reformers and liberals or nothing at all but Tom and Dick and Harry. Everybody owned him. He had lost possession of himself entirely."

This is what happens to politicians, as every political reporter knows; and it is also true that there is more honesty and more guts in the average boss than in forty ordinary office holders. Equally truthful is the story of Boss Van Hoos's effor to stand by his principles, and the consequent transfer of popular favor to office holders wh endeavored to give the public whatever it wanted. When Mr. Brennan is reporting what he has seen he is convincing; when he essays to editorialize on his observations he will convince only those who agree with him already. One of these is Mr. William Allen White, who is much impressed by Mr. Brennan's idealism—a desperately determined but rather foggy idealism, it must be observed, very much like Mr. White's own brand. Mr. Brennan is convinced that despite the picture of Truth forever on the scaffold, Wrong forever on the throne, God stands behind the curtain, etc. The conclusion is hard to draw from the evidence he presents. He has a mystic faith in prohibition but a fine contempt for leaders of the Klan and the Anti-Saloon League; he feels sure that reform on the whole has accomplished much good, but this faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen in his own report. One cannot help feeling that a neutral observer would draw the conclusion from his picture that all reformers ought to be shot, and the earlier you catch them and shoot them the better.

Perrine Block, worst of all these reformers, failed to impress this reviewer as anything but a symbol of the evil effects of sex-suppression; his lifetime friendship with Patrick Van Hoos is theoretically possible, but Mr. Brennan has failed to make it plausible. Mrs. Van Hoos is the conventional type of good woman who spends her life doing evil, but none the less the most lifelike and convincing character in the story. The third member of this unholy trinity is Kirby Allen, the "reform" politician. He might seem a gaudy caricature to a foreigner, but as a matter of fact he is a faithful photograph of an American type which simply cannot be caricatured. Here in these three pictures Mr. Brennan sets down what he thinks of those who call themselves "the moral element," as he has seen them in action. The portraits are considerably more persuasive than the editorial comment by which he attempts to palliate them.

# Changing Architecture

BALBUS, OR THE FUTURE OF ARCHITECTURE. By CHRISTIAN BARMAN. New York: E. P Dutton & Co. 1927. $1.

Reviewed by AMABEL WILLIAMS-ELLIS

THE American city dweller, particularly the New Yorker, will need no persuading that the future of architecture is as strange and urgent a subject as any that has been discussed in the now famous "Today and Tomorrow" series, of which this volume is one. The architect is the artist who forces his works upon every citizen, however unwilling: his public cannot get away from him. What he has said, he has said for all to see as they go to and fro about their business. If you do not like books you need not read them, if you do not like pictures you can see to it that there is the stout door of the public gallery between them and you; but the architect trumpets his ideas and his aspirations on a sort of vast loud speaker that no citizen can evade. Consider further. All animals, including man, are apt to be changed by their environment. The architect is the man who creates environment.

According to Mr. Barman, the author of "Balbus," a change has now come over architecture, the like of which has never been seen before. His argument is long and ingenious. This change corresponds, he says, to the emancipation of women. The stream of women which issued from "home" some twenty years ago has divided into two parts: one half of the stream goes out to work, the other half goes out to spend money, and more specifically, to shop. To meet the needs of the spending woman a style of architecture has arisen which in its turn affected every other style. There has arisen in short the large department store. Here, as in a great bazaar, the merchant's wares must be spread out in enticing profusion; as far as possible the tempting things must be visible from the street; and above all as many different wares as possible must be visible to the woman who comes in with the laudable intention of only buying a reel of cotton.

But the wares are fragile, and cannot be protected by a series of umbrellas in the Grande Place, as can the eggs, ducks, and butter of the country market-place. And so the shopkeeper sets the architect the task of "covering in" a very large space, which shall differ from the spaces of the past in not being divided up for different purposes. Mr. Barman illustrates his meaning by reference to the buildings of a former age, such as a church or a king's palace. In the latter, for instance, there would have to be a banqueting hall and a throne-room, there would be a long gallery to walk in, there would be privy chambers to conspire in, there would be the room for the men-at-arms, and the great vaulted kitchens.

The difference, then, from the architect's point of view of being set to build a great department store in 1927 and being set to build a palace for the king of 1627, would be chiefly this. In 1627 the architect would have had to produce an interesting plan for his building, as well as an interesting façade. Each of these rooms would have been a little bubble of space enclosed by the walls he had designed. He would have had all sorts of fun with vistas and varying shapes. How much pleasure and beauty an architect could give to this sort of designing the reader can quickly conceive by remembering all the devices he has seen used. Architects have made us oval rooms, cruciform rooms, double-cubed rooms, they have made ceilings that were barrel-vaulted, or coved, and they have used every kind of rich and interesting resource in the placing and ornamenting of windows, and in the treatment of doorways, fireplaces, and cornices.

But the builder of the department store in 1927 finds all his interior problems cut away. He will have the doors for the elevators to design, and possibly the rarely-seen handrail of the staircase, and that is practically all. All the rest of his energies will be given to a fine façade.

It would not be fair to the rest of Mr. Barman's ingenious argument to try and develop it here. The reader will be very well repaid by following it for himself in this very stimulating little book. Suffice it to say that no citizen of an American town should miss Mr. Barman's amusing description of what he calls "the eviscerated style of architecture" which, following the lead of these stores, has been so largely adopted for apartment houses and offices, that now we associate it with the skyscraper style of architecture.

Mr. Barman is a trained and learned critic of architecture, and is listened to with a good deal of respect in his own country, especially through the medium of his excellent *Architects' Journal*, but I venture to disagree with him most thoroughly in one particular. He does not nearly do justice to the beauty of the modern type of zoned building in New York. This is a review of a book, and not a panegyric of the skyscraper style; but no one who has fallen under the spell of New York can allow a remark like this to pass:

> We are often told that New York is a city of high buildings. It is nothing of the kind: it is a moderately low city disfigured by *a few* high buildings only. Not more than one building in every thousand in the Manhattan Island district, famous for its skyscraers, exceeds twenty stories in height. . . . But while the upward growth of the two European cities (London and Paris) has by no means been uniform and harmonious, it has not attained to the astonishing irregularity that receives such unmerited praise from English visitors to New York.

To which I can only reply that I strongly suspect that Mr. Barman has never visited New York.

At every turn of the street the more modern New York skyscrapers, such as the Medical Centre, the Telephone building, and the Graybar building, with their honey-color, and their restrained outlines, seen against the hard, dark blue of the New York sky, give the traveler that sharp stab of pleasure which is only produced by that elusive and unanalyzable thing which we call lyrical beauty. I wish indeed that Mr. Barman would see that beauty, would go and subject his trained and sensitive perceptions to it, for he would probably be able to tell us something about it that might help in stabilizing it into a tradition.

For in so cumbersome and elaborate an art as architecture, a good tradition seems generally to have coincided with reasoned analysis. The classic tradition that reached America to flower so charmingly in the Colonial style, was not a matter of feeling only, but had its roots in a highly intellectualized and even academic set of rules. The architectural theorist has a more important work than that of a chronicler.

C. Lewis Hind, English author, editor and art critic, died in London recently. He was an intimate friend of such writers and artists as H. G. Wells, Thomas Hardy, Rudyard Kipling, Joseph Conrad, Arnold Bennett, Aubrey Beardsley, and John Sargent. His collection of Wednesday articles which he published for many years in the London *Daily Chronicle* have been published under the title, "Life and You." Among other books by Mr. Hind were "The Education of an Artist," "The Diary of a Looker-on," "The Consolations of a Critic," "What's Freedom," "Landscape Painting from Giotto to Turner."

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# A Moderate Marat

JEAN PAUL MARAT: A STUDY IN RADICALISM. By Louis R. Gottschalk. New York: Greenberg. 1927. $3.

Reviewed by John M. S. Allison
Yale University

"Cavernous Marat . . . living in Paris cellars, lone as a fanatic anchorite in Thebaid; say, as far-seen Simon on his Pillar—taking peculiar views thereof." "Cassandra-Marat" with "this dirk and muff plan of his."

THIS is, by no means, the interpretation of Marat's latest biographer. Nor is Professor Gottschalk an apologist. In fact, the reader is won by his honesty at the very opening of the book: "If the reader finds, upon perusal of the following pages, that he cannot decide whether to admire or to despise Marat, the author will feel that his task has been well accomplished." And, as a matter of fact, the reviewer believes Professor Gottschalk has succeeded insofar as it is possible to fulfil such a difficult task. It is not an easy thing to treat of so positive a character as Marat without a bias.

Jean Paul Marat was of an age that was not given to specialization. There was nothing extraordinary, in those days, in a doctor of medicine who wrote speculative essays on the Human Soul, on Light, Electricity, Politics, and who even attempted novels. These were the avocations of the young doctor while he was resident in England and when, later, he filled the post of an attendant in the retinue of the Comte d'Artois. In all of these writings, there was little to indicate that fury against kings with which he has been so often credited. True, he made acrimonious attacks upon despots, but not a word against good monarchs, and even few words against noble gentlemen. Even, later, this future Friend of the People appealed for a patent of nobility and used a coat of arms! In fact, he appears to have been as complacent to the prevailing condition of things as most of the eighteenth century writers until he, always an omnivorous reader, came upon the works of Montesquieu and Rousseau. When that important discovery was made, however, the obvious did not result. The younger Marat preferred the more restrained Montesquieu, and it was only later that the "Contrat Social" became the source of his inspiration.

In 1780 the transformation of this moderately successful physician began; then the pen became his principal profession. A pamphlet entitled "Plan de Legislation Criminelle" exposed his earlier beliefs: a social regeneration based upon the theory that "the right to possess is derived from the right to live. Therefore everything that is indispensable for our existence is ours, and nothing superfluous can belong to us legitimately as long as others lack necessities." For the practical application of this theory, Doctor Marat advocated the establishment of national workshops, a redistribution of ecclesiastical wealth, free public schools, maintained by the more fortunate classes, and a salary, proportionate to his labor, for the worker. However, he was careful to advise severe penalties for the laborer who refused to be useful. In this last stipulation, he was far wiser than those who preferred to be called his successors during the nineteenth century.

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In all this, however, there was not the slightest hint of opposition to monarchy. In fact, a later pamphlet, "L'Offrande à la Patrie," even witnessed to his confidence in King Louis XVI whom he admired for "his love for his people, his zeal for public welfare." Could this have been mere flattery? Professor Gottschalk does not think so, and to prove his point, he traces the apparently very gradual conversion of Marat to an anti-monarchical idea of government.

An important factor in this political transformation of Marat was his distrust of Mounier's plan which sought to give France a Constitution based upon the English system. To this latter system, Marat had already published his objections. The turning point occurred, however, when the doctor established the famous paper *Ami du Peuple*. By the time that he began the publication of this sheet, Marat had become convinced of his mission in life; to defend and enlighten the people, to become the apostle of patriotism, that was his task. To his way of thinking, he could best serve them by saving the monarchy for the people; hence his participation in the insurrection of October, 1789. Following upon this event, the People's Friend beheld his beloved Monarchy threatened by two extremes, the "English Réformistes" and the Commune. His attacks upon both of these led to his temporary exile.

Shortly after this event, his faith in the King was troubled. "The King means well. Who does not know that? But his Ministers mean only evil." When, however, the King hesitated to sanction the radical reforms that had already been passed August 4-5, 1789, and the Declaration of the Rights of Man, Marat's confidence in that monarch began to waver. It collapsed entirely on the occasion of the Nancy episode (June, 1790) when General Bouille put down so harshly the liberal movement in the garrison of that town. Then Marat came to believe the stories of a Counter Revolution fostered by the King himself. "Every prince born upon the throne is the dastardly enemy of the people." Still, however, he continued to advocate a constitutional Monarchy, in spite of the fact that he despised the National Assembly and abominated the Constitution that it finally gave to France. Marat the Moderate was in deep waters. From this position of disgust and despair, it was an easy transition to the advocacy of more harsh measures. With the declaration of war, he ceased to be a partisan of monarchy.

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The King fled, and was returned; he was tried, and received the condemnation of the people's courts. Then Marat declared: "I believe in the Republic at last!" He greeted with enthusiasm the Constitution of 1793. At last, the cause of the people was won! But the Friend of the People was doomed to bitter disappointment; soon his faith in the Republic and his patriotic desire for the success of French arms demanded a further transition. The Convention was dumb, the Republic was poorly run; there were too many officials, and, therefore, was too great a chance for treachery. The people were still in their misery; the armies were unsuccessful. These conditions, thought Marat, "will force the nation to renounce democracy in order to give itself a chief, if the Convention does not rise to the level of its functions." In these words there was the hint of the need for a dictator. The Constitution of 1793 was too beautiful and fragile a thing after all!

Professor Gottschalk implies that Marat probably looked upon himself as the one best fitted to fill the rôle. He interprets Marat's thoughts by making him say: "Put me in a position to arrange matters, and in a few days everything will be all right." Then, the liberties of the Republic may return. Such proposals, although not stated so definitely by Marat himself, brought upon him the attacks of the Gironde, the party then in power. In April, 1793, he was brought to trial by them. Acquitted, he turned his attention to contributing to the downfall of his enemies. On October 30, 1793, the most important members of that party went to the guillotine. By this time, however, Marat himself was ailing, and, shortly after the passing of the Gironde, Marat offered his resignation to the Convention. His last days were spent in writing instructions to the Committee of Public Safety, of whose increasingly dictatorial powers he approved. In his mind, there was apprehension for the security of the Republic; the Counter-Revolution in the Rhône Valley and the Vendee alarmed him. It was, in fact, these very civil wars that ended his sufferings of mind and body, when, in July, 1793, Charlotte Corday, inflamed by the ardor of the reactionaries, came to Paris to assassinate Marat.

The author of this biography has accomplished at least one very difficult task: he has presented a clear and fairly comprehensive history of the political evolution of one of the most spectacular characters in French history. He has not obscured his principal theme in a mass of political narrative. Only very occasionally does his clarity of treatment break down, notably in Chapter II when he does not adhere to the chronological method and the reader finds himself somewhat bewildered. One might wish, too, that Professor Gottschalk had related more in detail the career of Marat in England and had given a further consideration to Marat's experiences, literary and social, in that country. It is, indeed, a milder Marat that he presents, and his arguments are convincing. But, so great is the power of tradition upon the human mind, and so great the influence of his so-called modern followers, that when one turns back the pages and looks again at Marat as shown in the familiar portrait, one asks—Was Marat moderate after all?

# A Northumbrian Poet

COLLECTED POEMS: 1905-1925. By Wilfrid Gibson. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1927.

Reviewed by William Savage Johnson
University of Kansas

TO read Wilfrid Gibson's volume of "Collected Poems" is to rejoice that one major poet of our time has remained true to his art. For over twenty years he has refused to turn aside to any less exacting literary form or to forsake the quiet sanity of his ways for the sensationalism and acrobatics now so much in vogue. Having once discovered where his true gift lay, he has not since betrayed it.

The present collection makes a powerful and varied impression. In that part of his work first known in America there was a certain monotony in its repetition of character types, the strained intensity of its emotion, its bareness, and its lack of lightness of mood. Beginning with "Borderlands," 1914, a new quality appeared, a rich humor, though often of a grim and ironic sort, and a sympathy not only with hardworking and unfortunate people, but with the utterly unmeritorious wastrel, which has given a new piquancy to his writing. Even in his humor, however, there is little gaiety. One conjectures that the racial strains in him are, as his name would indicate, Anglo-Saxon and Scandinavian. He sticks to his Northumberland almost as closely as Hardy to his Wessex. And he has the English seriousness, even something of the border gloom that suggests a kinship with the author of "Wuthering Heights."

There have been three stages in Mr. Gibson's development. Up to 1910 he was still enamored of medieval romance and uncertain as to what path to choose. In the "Prelude" to "Daily Bread" he announced at last that his "happy singing-flight" was over; he was resolved to turn from the poetry of escape to the poetry of reality. The change has sometimes been represented as a kind of evangelical conversion followed by a deliberate program of social uplift. It was nothing of the sort. Gibson made no slumming expeditions to gather new material. It was unnecessary to do so, for he had only to turn back to impressions of childhood, absorbed quietly and for the most part unconsciously. "The Lambing," which opens the present volume, a poem of 1905, might easily be mistaken except for the meter for one of the narratives of "Fires," 1912; and "Stonefolds," 1907, presents the Northumbrian rural life with a greater harshness than does "Daily Bread," though between the two came the romantic poems of the "Web of Life." The new interest was then after all an old interest, not in social uplift, but arising from the artist's curiosity about, and sensitive response to, life.

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For most readers Gibson's name means "Daily Bread" and "Fires" and little else. And these two volumes do make an unique claim upon our attention. In 1912 it was not difficult to make up one's mind about their author. A poet just arriving at mature power, sensitive to beauty, idealistic, and sincere in an unusual degree, had become dissatisfied with romantic dreams and turned to life itself, applying to his new material the same gentle spirit that had gone questing after beauty according to the Pre-Raphaelite recipe. The poems were realistic in a sense, but the speech was carefully strained of impurities, and in spite of unflinching fidelity to the physical hardships depicted and even to the deep treacheries of human nature, there was in the treatment a prevailing sweetness, a faith in life, a sense of the solidarity that binds together the poor and unfortunate, and an appreciation of the aids to noble life that lie within us, that removed them far from bitterness and cynicism.

Since the beginning of the war Gibson's poetry has been more disturbing. "Battle," with its fleet but revealing glimpses of war psychology, is full of ironical speech and situation. The plays of "Krindlesyke" and "Kestrel Edge" and some of the quintessential and pungent dialogues of "Neighbors" and "I Heard a Sailor" have an increase of bitter flavor in their character study, and a sense of potential malignity lurking behind the innocent face of things. Always keenly aware of life's power to wound, in this latter work the poet conveys to us an added consciousness of threatening evil, of hidden ambuscade, lying everywhere in wait for the human traveler. In one of his sonnets Gibson

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speaks of the chambers of his mind where beauty and terror lie close companioned. The sense of this union is in all his later stories. The genial humor of "Borderlands" has taken on a sharper edge, and the "general" type of character there first introduced is further developed and used for tragic as well as comic purposes. Bell Haggard, in "Krindlesyke," is the greatest of these acrid portraitures and Gibson's finest achievement in character delineation. It is to be hoped that American readers will become better acquainted with Gibson's recent work.

## "Away, You Rio!"

A BOOK OF SHANTIES. By C. Fox Smith. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1927. $3.

Reviewed by Joanna C. Colcord

LATEST of the folk-songs to receive the attention of collectors, the shanty or work-song which accompanied sea-labor in sailing-ship days appears to be coming belatedly into its own. As "the humble bottled ship, once swapped for a pint of beer, reposes in undreamed-of state in the marble halls of the multi-millionaires," so these lowly songs are now appearing on the programs of fashionable concerts, along with their once despised kinsmen, the negro spirituals. If the singers but knew how they should be sung—but that is another story!

Miss C. Fox Smith, writer of much sea literature, has made the latest collection of shanties, consisting in the main of the old favorites. There are some singular omissions, notably "Haul on the Bowline," "A Long Time Ago," and "Santy Anna," which most collections include. In many of the well-known shanties, the author furnishes more elaborate and interesting versions of the words than are usually found. Her airs, however, are simpler than those used in the 'nineties aboard American ships—recognizably the same, and yet devoid of the runs and "extry notes" which gave musical novelty to the shanty.

Shanties in common use, like any folk-songs, were the survivors out of a vast number of attempts to produce something that would hold the popular fancy. Of that larger number which did not "catch on," some lingered for a while in a few shantymen's repertoires, and have thus from time to time crept into print. The new material which the author includes is largely of this class—fragments with a certain charm (as, for instance, the little short-drag shanty called "O Billy Riley"), but whose lack of survival value is apparent. The chief exception among Miss Fox Smith's new material is that fine and deservedly popular sea-song, "Rolling Home," which has been omitted from too many collections.

In addition to the words and music of the songs, the author has added to each a historical note, and has provided an introduction which is a real contribution to the study of shanties and their origins.

## America

(*Continued from page* 113)

desire that a national literature is possible, leisure, too, if he demands it, for writing—he has everything except the wisdom to use and develop his gifts. His worst enemy is himself, and the thousands of like-minded Americans who drive him toward Immediate Returns and Large-Scale Production. He cannot master the American scene because he cannot master his own energy for the slow processes necessary in literature. Find a young and successful American writer of talent and you find a dissatisfied man in conflict with himself.

The delicate-minded go off to Europe where they acquire refinement at the cost of energy. They should keep their energy and get ideals. The French and English have passed through their ages of bounding vigor and they know, as we do not, that unless the artistic conscience is satisfied the writer and his work are both unhappy. This we can learn from Europe, which with not half of our gusto can still get far more from living.

The current European fashions—expressionism, sur-realism, Joycism, Proustism, Sitwellism, esthetic defeatism, super-intellectualism—are bad medicine for us. We must mix our own. But there are symbols in the English walled garden where leisure is protected, or the French cafés where living is a commodity to be purchased cheap, which we might ponder with profit. The young American writer needs first of all to learn how to live. His inspiration he will find at home.

## The Bowling Green

### The Birdhouse of Logs

LIKE all small boys, Christopher was a great student of the advertisements in magazines. Especially the advertisements that offered souvenirs, premiums, free samples of anything. All sorts of queer surprises turned up in the crowded letter-box at the post-office—little packages of biscuits and breakfast foods and toothpaste, badges and buttons of every kind, catalogues, First Aid outfits, instruction booklets on How To Play the Harmonica or How To Carve a Bullfrog From a Cake of Soap.

Although Christopher's allowance was only fifteen cents a week, Mr. Mistletoe observed enviously that his son always seemed to have plenty of ready cash. Occasionally, however, Christopher had a sudden impulse to put it all into a toy bank from which it could not be got out. Then Mr. Mistletoe had to make an advance to pay for the box of crayons or ice cream cone that seemed very urgent just at that moment.

But one of the advertisements that caught Christopher's fancy resulted in a real story. It was an advertisement about a birdhouse made of "Lincoln logs." It was a charming idea: a little birdhouse made of rough strips of wood with the bark still on, so that it looked like a tiny log cabin—in fact, it was planned to look like the famous log cabin where Abraham Lincoln was born. Christopher sent along the money and the birdhouse arrived. It came in pieces, with instructions, and he and Mr. Mistletoe enjoyed fitting it together. It was put up in a tall tree in the back lot.

The houses that people live in have a great influence on their thoughts and behavior. The blackbird who came to live in that cabin was evidently a queer fellow by nature, but when he settled there he became the talk of the neighborhood. I think he imagined that because he lived in that log cabin he was a kind of Abe Lincoln among birds. Certainly he looked the part, for he was unusually tall and shambling, with long shanky legs and rusty black plumage. It was even said that when he went out searching for worms he wore a little plug hat and carried an umbrella and an old-fashioned satchel. He put up a scrap of shingle on his cabin that said LAW OFFICE, and earned a modest living by settling disputes among the birds. Birds have a great many problems, for they are quick-tempered and their life is complicated.

Sometimes a lively scolding and chattering would be heard in the green apartments of the trees. A feather or two would come floating down. Then there was a flutter and angry birds came flying to the log cabin. They perched on a limb and screamed their quarrel to the lawyer while he appeared at his door and listened patiently. He tried to get them to talk one at a time; he never decided anything without calling in witnesses and hearing both sides. He gave judgment in some very important cases which became famous in those days.

So Blackbird became quite well known among birds interested in the law. More than once birds from the Mineola Courthouse flew over to the Roslyn Estates to consult him.

* * *

But his own clients were not always grateful. Sometimes, when the dispute was settled, they forgot to pay him his fee. In spite of his helpful services he was rather the joke of the community. It is true he was queer, and birds are great gossips, painfully quick to criticize anything unusual. As you have noticed, birds are almost always well dressed, neat and trim in their appearance, and Lawyer Blackbird's awkward figure seemed to them absurd. They made rather cruel fun of him. When he went strolling thoughtfully about in the cool early morning, looking for his breakfast, a mischievous thrush would dart down in front of him and snatch up a worm or insect right from under his beak. They played practical jokes on him, stealing the caterpillars that his clients laid by his front door in payment of his services. They whistled mockingly from the neighboring trees when he was studying, and screamed with laughter at his clumsy way of flying. Handsomer birds, such as cardinals, blue jays, orioles, sneered at his shabby black suit.

Of all birds, baby robins have the hardest time learning to fly. They cause their mothers much anxiety, for they are very fat and also very reckless. Before their wings are strong enough to carry their heavy bodies they often get themselves into positions of great danger. So it happened one day that while Mrs. Robin, who lives in the dogwood tree opposite the dining-room windows, had gone down to the drug store, young Pudgy Robin, not yet properly able to take care of himself, flopped lumpily to the foot of the tree. It was very thrilling to be out on the open grass, and the first thing anyone knew he was hopping and exploring across the croquet ground. He was interested in the wire hoops, and tried to flutter up to perch on one, but fell off. He was as fat, awkward, and helpless as only a young robin can be.

The croquet court is a bad place for a young bird. Anything moving on that stretch of grass is in plain view to many watchful eyes. The cellar doors, slanting up from the ground, overlook it and are the favorite sunning place for cats. And there lay Taffy Topaz, the big yellow Persian. He noticed that hopping bundle of feathers. His eyes got wide and bright and dangerous. His tail switched nervously from side to side. He crouched so that his shoulder blades humped up, and watched intently. Then he began to crawl silently across the lawn. Suddenly it seemed as though the garden was very still. In all that quietness of yellow sunshine there was only Pudgy Robin, blundering bravely into a strange big world, and the creeping enemy behind him.

Then in the treetops the bird policemen began to scream. Little happens on the ground that the bird policemen don't see, though they can't do much about it. "Look out, look out!" they called wildly. But Pudgy was too young, too excited, too ignorant, even to know what they were saying. Not far away was a blue croquet ball that had caught his eye. It would be a fine thing to hop on and look round. He fluttered and tumbled along.

* * *

The birds were all screaming in panic, but no one seemed to know what to do. The noise brought out Lawyer Blackbird, who came to the door of his log cabin. One look of his shrewd eyes showed him what was happening. He wasted no time in screaming. Straight as an arrow, on his long wings, he launched himself. He flew, like a flash, right past Taffy's nose. Taffy, whose attention had been all on the helpless robin, was startled and frightened. He glared round in wonder. Blackbird wheeled, flew back again, and hovered in air just above the cat. Taffy sprang for him, forgetting all about the robin. Fluttering in pretended distress, always just beyond the reach of those sharp claws, Blackbird led Taffy away toward the other side of the house. Two big robins, now the danger was past, came squawking and hustled Pudgy to his home tree. When Taffy Topaz saw how he had been tricked he crept back to the croquet ground, but it was empty. Lawyer Blackbird flew to the log cabin and went on with his study.

There is no heroism birds respect so much as the courage that outwits a cat. That day there was no whistling to bother Blackbird at his work. But there was a great deal of conversation in the big oak tree which is the birds' clubhouse. They knew now that Blackbird, though his ways might be queer, was worthy of his log cabin.

They made their plans secretly, so the next day the lawyer was completely surprised. He heard a whirr of wings outside the cabin, and thinking it might be a quarrel of some sort for him to settle, he came outside. There were all the robin policemen, saluting him, and a magnificent air parade. It had all been carefully thought out. First came a squadron of tanagers, all scarlet. Then Mr. Hopkins's white pigeons. Then the blue jays. Red, white, and blue, they flew brilliantly in formation, and wheeled and hovered in front of the tiny log cabin to do it honor. And then Mrs. Robin herself, with tears in her eyes, brought three feathers, one red, one white, one blue, and placed them, like a banner, on the birdhouse of Lincoln logs.

That was in the summer, but the birds do not forget. When the autumn came, the birds in the Election Day parade carried a big sign which said:

FOR JUSTICE OF THE PEACE
VOTE FOR ABE BLACKBIRD

Christopher Morley.

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# Books of Special Interest

## History of Christianity

AN OUTLINE OF CHRISTIANITY. The Story of Our Civilization. In five volumes. New York: Bethlehem Publishers, Inc. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) 1926-7. $5 per volume.

*Volume I. The Birth of Christianity.*

IN an age of "outlines," an outline of Christianity was perhaps inevitable. Indeed, no field of human life needs more the fourth dimension which genetic study gives to facts than does religion. To declare what Christianity is must be a difficult task just because Christianity is not an isolated event or person or creed, but a great continuous development. Neither Christians nor non-Christians should overlook the intellectual richness and variety of this tradition. For this reason the idea of an outline of Christianity commends itself. The question is, How well in this case has it been done?

The enterprise has been planned on a catholic and sumptuous scale. By a skilful and painstaking editorial director an effort was made to give unity to the independent contributions. The contributors were chosen with care,—nearly a hundred persons, mostly American scholars of known achievement in the fields discussed. The result is five volumes, each complete in itself, richly illustrated and clearly printed.

The first volume covers only the first century. Considering the importance of beginnings and the normative regard given primitive Christianity and its records, this amount of space is not excessive. The first Outline of Christianity ever undertaken, that addressed by Luke to Theophilus, had even a shorter field to cover. In this volume we have sketched the background of Christianity, the work of Jesus and of Paul, and the inferences from our scanty records of the development of both Jewish and Gentile Christianity. The narratives of Jesus and of Paul are a paraphrase of our New Testament records, written respectively by Professors E. F. Scott, of Union Theological Seminary, New York, and Frederick C. Grant, of Berkeley Divinity School. The former enters reverently and imaginatively into the reconstruction of the life of lives. The latter gives an excellent impression of the rapidity and power of Paul's career. Professor Burton S. Easton, of General Theological Seminary, New York, who with Professor E. F. Scott is joint editor of the volume, has contributed several miscellaneous useful chapters. The remaining contributions are shorter and of uneven merit. It is perhaps not invidious to select as one of the most satisfactory parts of the work Professor Bosworth's seminary of Paul's thought.

To different readers the volume will bring quite different impressions. The subject is conceived as of high importance and is treated with eloquence. There is a tone of appreciation rather than of apology for Christianity, and a welcome lack of dogmatism and of ecclesiastical bias. The volume is both a collaboration and a cross section of different Protestant churches, at least in their liberal wings. The so-called liberal portrait of Jesus is what Professor Scott gives us. The influence of the mystery religions is estimated quite properly as very slight. The reasons for Christianity's success are summarized more than once. In the disputed field of literary criticism of the New Testament the consensus of competent opinion is quite fairly represented.

This volume deals with the most familiar period of Christianity, with the figure of Jesus, which is the most obscure, and with the records of the New Testament, which are subjects both of familiarity and of controversy. Yet the general reader will get here as reliable an account of the whole movement as can be found in English in so compact and readable a form. The method of composite authorship has resulted in some characteristic faults. Even typographical errors have slipped through that the authors could easily have caught in proof. A number of mistakes in detail appear especially in the first part of the book. There are some repetitions. But these are more than offset by strikingly sober and skilful presentations of familiar theses in fresh light and by the silent correction of long established prejudices.

HENRY J. CADBURY.

*Volume II. The Builders of the Church.*

"AN Outline of Christianity" is no one-man work light-heartedly tossed off by an H. G. Wells, Hendrik Van Loon, or Will Durant. It is not a work at all, it is an institution. It has its National Council, its Advisory Council, its Editorial Council, its Executive Editorial Board, its Board of Editorial Management, and its Directing Editors. Its organization includes thirteen college presidents, five deans, two bishops, and clergymen without number. Yet it may fairly be doubted whether a single Wells, Van Loon, or Durant might not have done a more satisfactory job than this whole learned corporation, which has turned out its standardized product in accordance with the latest modern methods of industrial specialization.

There is no fault to be found with the editors on the score of either erudition or candor. One's natural suspicion of an undertaking which combines history and apologetic is here quite unjustified. The latest results of scholarship are embodied in it. Historical facts are stated as historical facts, traditions as traditions. There is no disposition to deny either the crimes of Constantine or the virtues of Julian the Apostate, to defend the theological hatreds of the fourth century or the Albigensian crusade of the thirteenth. Peter the Hermit is dismissed into the limbo of mythology. Pagans and heretics get their meed of praise. In fact, the trouble with this "Outline of Christianity," as will be seen, is not that there is too much Christianity in it but too little.

A fatal initial confusion is already apparent in the subtitle. The story of Christianity is not identical with "the story of our civilization." Our civilization depends in large part upon commercial, industrial, political, and scientific developments with which Christianity has been only indirectly concerned. The effort to tell the story of all these has led the editors far from their true subject. In the endeavor to do too much, they have done too little. Instead of delineating and defining the spirit of Christianity in the first century and then tracing its biography as a living thing, with all its loves and hatreds, high hopes and low fears, fits of cruelty and deeds of mercy, its periods of languor and its bursts of zeal, its lapses into superstition and its yearning for knowledge,—instead of writing this spiritual biography, the most thrilling in human history, the editors have devoted their energy to constructing what ought to have been called merely "A History of the Christian Church in Its Political and Social Relations."

Christianity as a philosophy of life is not even considered. In this second volume on "The Builders of the Church" which runs to 437 pages of text, the ideas of St. Augustine are summed up in exactly 120 words; Dionysius the Areopagite, whose influence permeated medieval thought, is not even mentioned; the significance of Gothic architecture is expounded in a single paragraph; Dante is distantly referred to half a dozen times. The editors are simply not interested in ideas. A work that ought to be bristling with stimulating thoughts and challenging problems has no sign of either. Many of the articles are hardly above the intellectual level of the recent "Why I Am a This-or-That" series.

Special exception, however, should be made in favor of A. E. J. Rawlinson's discussion of Arianism and other heresies, Alexander Nairne's spirited defense of the ascetic life, Henry Preserved Smith's account of Mohammed, A. V. W. Jackson's brief history of Manichaeanism, and Father Clifford's exposition of Scholasticism. These five articles justify the existence of the volume. And it ought finally in fairness to be added that if the National Council, the Advisory Council, the Editorial Council, the Executive Editorial Board, the Board of Editorial Management, and the Directing Editors will only adopt the suggestion as to change of title, many of the objections urged in this review will be no longer pertinent.

ERNEST SUTHERLAND BATES.

Florence during the time of Savonarola is portrayed in "A Florentine Diary from 1450 to 1516," by Luca Landucci, now translated for the first time into English and announced for publication this month.

*Volumes III and V. The Rise of the Modern Churches* and *Christianity Today and Tomorrow*

BEGINNING with the Reformation the fourth volume carries the story of Christianity down to our very moment. With the same ponderous thoroughness which characterizes any comprehensive study of an age-long and intricate subject the march of assembled fact and tempered interpretation goes forward through these pages.

Dr. Shailer Matthews is godfather for this book. He has written seventeen of its forty articles. With fairness and poise, he shows Lutheranism, Calvinism, Anglicanism, Roman and Greek Catholicism as an outsider sees them. Probably if our own faith were to have an estimating diagnostician most to our trusting, Dr. Matthews would be the selection of most of us. Each of the modern faiths has its own spokesman or apologist, then the Directing Editor makes his urbane estimate of contributions from that source. The spokesmen have been chosen wisely. They are truly representative men,—such right choices as of Dr. Percy Dearmer for Anglicanism, Professor Wentz for Lutheranism, "Ralph Connor" for Presbyterianism in Canada, President Ozora Davis for Congregationalism, Canon Robinson for the four chapters on Christian Missions.

Quite naturally everyone "plays safe." There are no scintillating individualisms nor audacious brilliancies. It would not be team play if such were attempted. The beauty of this collection of affirmations is that it manifests a spirit which if carried out in the actual project of church unity would be a dream already come true. This volume is a Lausanne Conference in itself. The material of the book is of the best; it is the most authoritative and sane body of facts we have had in a mine-strewn area of history. But, better than the compilation of the data, here is a demonstration of the essential unity of Christianity, despite all its appearance of diversity. A Doxology for that demonstration!

Yet this is no mere platitudinous and sugary sentimentalism. The give and take of recognized confessions is healthily evident. The men who had the writing of these chapters live in no fools' paradise. The refreshing thing is that such criticisms as are included are constructive, never picayune, and they are always uttered by the spokesman of the group that made the error, never by another.

The whole history of denominationalism as here given comforts one with the evidence that the breaking up of Christianity into its many groups has not been so completely regrettable as we sometimes claim. Now that the old time emphases have been recognized as complementary, and that every denomination is to be thanked for the affirmation of a phase of Truth which might have been obliterated without its stand therefor, we can evidently feel that the period of dissociation is closed and the period of synthesis is well begun. "The rise of denominations and that of religious liberty are aspects of the same historical process. Religious liberty came by the rise of denominations. . . . They mark the transition from state churches to the separation of Church and State. . . . Religious liberty has not yet been fully gained in all parts of the world, but its future is assured." This is a noble thesis to maintain. It is the thesis, well demonstrated as true, which this volume carries through.

With the fifth volume of the now well-known series we pass the scratch and with the running start of the historic centuries we are swept forward. Has the running start of Christianity been too long and too exhausting, so that Christianity is spent when it reaches the line? Or is Christianity still only beginning to get ready to commence to start? The thesis indicated for this book is "an estimate of our present achievement, and a challenge to our further advance, in all relations of life—the family, the community, the nations, the races, the churches, and the whole field of civilization at large." This is no small task. Yet the attainments of this book are satisfying and not inadequate. This is high praise indeed.

THE REV. PHILLIPS E. OSGOOD.

*Volume IV. Christianity and Modern Thought*

A CYNICAL reader after finishing the perusal of "Christianity and Modern Thought" might exclaim "The Play of Hamlet with Hamlet left out." It would not be fair to let the matter rest there for Bishop Francis J. McConnell, the editor of this volume and the distinguished scholars who have contributed to it, have written brochures literally saturated with a quality which has come from the spirit and the teachings of Jesus. It remains true, however, that there is no attempt to set forth in organized and coherent fashion the contents of the Christianity which has been relating itself to modern thought. Nearly everything except theology is considered, but the attempts of modern men to relate their thinking as Christians to the rest of their thought world and set forth the result in organic fashion are simply passed by.

Some odd omissions result from this method. It is rather diverting for instance to think of a volume dealing with "Christianity and Modern Thought" in which Albrect Ritschl is never mentioned! The studies which make up the volume are written with adequate knowledge and in the happiest spirit. To be sure, Professor Erskine's discussions of Christianity and Art deal with a movement culminating in the Middle Ages rather than in the modern period and might perhaps have been assigned wisely to another volume in the series. The important matter, however, is that here a group of men of unquestioned authority give an entirely wise and understanding discussion of physical science, psychology, philosophy, sociology, archeology, criticism, and comparative religion in their relations to the thinking of contemporary men who bear the name Christian in full intellectual freedom and candor.

LYNN HAROLD HOUGH.

## Printing History

THE FIRST PRINTERS OF CHICAGO. By DOUGLAS C. MCMURTRIE. Chicago: Pascal Covici. 1927. $5.

Reviewed by ROBERT BALLOU

In 1827, just a hundred years ago, Gurdon Hubbard dashed on horseback from a spot within a stone's throw of the present *Tribune Tower* in order to raise an army of defense against a threatened massacre by the Winnebago Indians. All who were at Chicago to be massacred lived in a fort and maybe a dozen houses. Yet it was only a few years later that an enthusiastic real estate man predicted a population of 50,000 for Chicago within a century and stuck to his prediction even though he was nearly hooted out of the village!

These were the exciting conditions into which printing thrust its ubiquitous self in 1833. Like all accessories to the growth of a boom town many of the details of its early history are as shrouded in mystery as is the exact location of Fort Dearborn, the nucleus of Chicago, standing less than a century ago—no one knows exactly where!

Mr. McMurtrie has gathered many of the loose ends of Chicago's printing history through careful search in the archives of the Chicago Historical Society and elsewhere, and has incorporated them in a bibliography of very early Chicago books and pamphlets, the whole making a slim volume of forty-two pages. I have no idea how nearly complete it is. The author himself is uncertain. To the lay eye it seems thorough and adequate. His bibliography is introduced by a historical sketch of the earliest printers.

Perhaps it is too much to expect a research man to write interestingly. If only a book like this, short as the textual material is, could have a little of the color of a seething frontier town! If some of the shouts of fox hunters along the marshy shore of Lake Michigan, the barking of their dogs, the chatter of friendly bargaining Indians, or the splash of canoe paddles crossing the river where the great, double-decked, boulevard link bridge now stands, could rise out of its pages, the history of printing in Chicago would be a fascinating subject.

These things were connected with that history along with the wild onions and skunks from which came the name Chicago, that is, "bad smell." The hand-pumped fire engine which Gurdon Hubbard gave to the growing city has something to do with that history for it resulted in the printing of a pamphlet and the pamphlet is listed in a scholarly manner in the bibliography, yet in the historical sketch there is little intimation that anything of human interest happened in Chicago in its frontier days or that printing then was any more difficult than it is now.

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# Books of Special Interest

## Mental Testing

A MANUAL OF INDIVIDUAL MENTAL TESTS AND TESTING. By Augusta F. Bronner, William Healy, Gladys M. Lowe, and Myra E. Shimberg. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1927.

Reviewed by Joseph Jastrow

A NOTABLE as well as useful contribution to the important field of testing human intelligence is this book issued by Dr. Augusta Bronner and her associates of the Judge Baker Foundation. It presents a comprehensive and well organized collection of tests, covering the entire range of the mind's domain. The fact that there are one hundred twenty-five tests, with practical instructions, and others referred to, indicates how extensive this field has become. This directory of "What's What" in mental testing is indispensable.

While fundamentally a handbook for those engaged in practice, it supplies also a proper setting and guidance in the ideas and purposes, the *raison d'être*, of the mental test. The keynote of warning is that testing is not a mechanical operation. Intelligence cannot be scored by a numerical statement; for the human output is far too complex for that. The test as arranged is a practical compromise between what one would like to do and what must be done, if we demand a brief index of mentality and one readily compared with the average. The average, as is often said of language, conceals as much as it reveals. It merges various abilities in a common issue, which is called the intelligence or the I. Q. If all the ingredients or factors that go into it function at about the same level, we should have that ideal, but non-existent individual, the average man, or in this case, the average child. But as Professor Thorndike has well insisted from the days of his pioneer work in this field, we are always dealing with a number of special abilities which we must more or less accept as indices of what again we compromise in calling general intelligence. It is always desirable with regard to any individual to know what he is good at relatively, and at what poor, and in what of average ability. Again reduced to numbers or a curve, or what is called a profile, the test presents the problem of indicating with numerical convenience what actually is a portrait with many features. If we add that this total intelligence is displayed by an individual in whom the mentality is but one factor of a total personality, we appreciate the place and setting of an intelligence test.

All this is well recognized in its true importance by such workers as Dr. Healy and Dr. Bronner, whose main concern is in the utilization of mental tests as a part of the technique of the clinic. Anyone acquainted with the amazing human clinic that the Judge Baker Foundation has so ably conducted for many years, will realize the art that is necessary to give the intelligence test its proper rating in the total problem of management, whether as applied to finding a fit occupation or to the correction of defect and delinquency. It is a source of great satisfaction that a handbook of this kind has appeared under these auspices. It gives warrant that the art of mental testing will be developed as a human procedure, with full cognizance of its bearing and not as a mechanical footrule.

Viewed more closely, this survey of tests affords a detailed picture of the mental range. In our type of life, language and ideas play so prominent a part and education is so definitely concerned with the processes of learning, for which in turn memory is a chief prop, that this group of memory, language, idea, learning, and thinking tests plays the leading rôle. This in application has its dangers. Since the medium of expression is language, not all children are equally good in handling this medium of exchange, particularly in the country of the melting-pot, where a handicap in the use of English, to say nothing of the general foreign setting, would inevitably affect the mental rating. Performance comes next and the various devices to avoid the overstress of language facility. These have a further significance in that they correspond to the play tendencies of the child, and are again central in so much of the occupational work in factory and industry, which is to be the career of these children when grown. Following these clues, special educational and occupational tests have been devised to aid in the problem of fitting the worker to his job. Concluding the series is the most difficult and vital of all, the direct attack upon the measures of emotional response and character, where quality dominates, which in so many respects is the clue alike to social behavior and personal efficiency.

There can be no doubt that the art of testing has come to stay and will enter with increasing significance into the regulation of human conduct. It is important that its foundations should be based upon an intimate knowledge of human psychology and what may best be called the clinical insight. It is this that elevates mental testing from a laboratory facility to a profession. This work makes a contribution to the art and profession of mental testing.

## On Profanity

LARS PORSENA: or, the Future of Swearing and Improper Language. By Robert Graves. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. 1927. $1.

THE Today and Tomorrow Series, which blazed so brightly on its first appearance, has begun to gutter and smoke and smudge, with only an occasional flare-up of its early brilliance. Whether this is due to the exhaustion of the good topics, or of the good authors, is a question into which it which it would not be seemly for a writer who has not been invited to contribute to the series to inquire. Mr. Graves's observations are often amusing, but he merely dances around the question of profanity, while his remarks on obscene language are so closely interwoven with some of the peculiar taboos of the English as to have a very tepid interest for American readers.

When Lars Porsena of Clusium swore by his nine gods he believed that they were real gods, and that when their names were invoked by such a devout and well-paying worshiper they might actually come and help him make sure that the proud house of Tarquin should suffer wrong no more. The decline of faith inevitably drains much of their value out of curses; but, despite Mr. Graves, there is a good deal left. "Bloody," that absurd English vestige of Mariolatry, has lost much of its force in the last decade, perhaps because it is so commonly heard (if the English novelists report correctly) in the mouths of schoolgirls; but it never could be taken seriously by an American anyway. Yet even in England a man can still, one surmises, be cursed into a fighting humor. It is possible to say "God damn you!" to a man in such a way as to annoy him, regardless of his views or yours on eschatology or the existence of God. And however England may have fallen away from its ancient grandeur, in this less effete nation even a dog fancier will probably fight if you apply to him an epithet implying kinship with the animals he so admires.

In England, Mr. Graves observed, "among the governed classes one of the unforgivable terms of abuse is 'bastard;'" a negligible epithet among the gentry since it may very likely be only an accusation of royal blood. But another English term of abuse, originally applied to the Bogomil heretics, but now curiously transferred, arouses little distaste in the lower classes who are not much addicted to the vice it imputes, whereas it is a serious insult to a gentleman who may very possibly indulge in such eccentricities. Well, in America this vice is perhaps commoner on Broadway than on Tenth Avenue, yet even on Tenth Avenue epithets which impute it are fighting words.

Mr. Graves recalls W. H. Davies's curious story of a man in a Welsh public house who cried out in a loud voice, "Aristotle was the pupil of Plato." Whereupon the men at the bar cried, "Keep silence, you there!" and their wives added, "we are respectable married women and did not come here to be insulted." Mr. Graves explains this on the theory that Aristotle, for God knows what reason, "is sold in every rubber shop in London and Cardiff, in company with other more obviously erotic publications." This is too deep for the cisatlantic reader. One thinks of the lawyer who silenced a longshoreman by calling him an "incorporeal hereditament," but has any of these legends ever been verified? The general rule still holds good that you can most insult a man by calling him what he is, or at least may plausibly be accused of being; but failing conveniently applicable epithets the old Anglo-Saxon monosyllables will still start a fight, if that is what you are looking for, regardless of the dying out of faith in their comminatory power.

# JESUS
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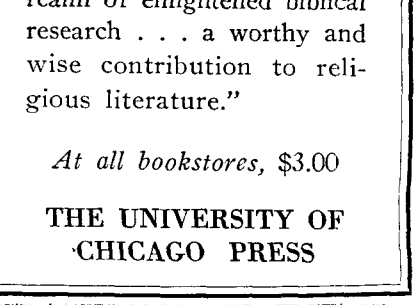

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# Foreign Literature

## Three New Writers

By ALEXANDER I. NAZAROFF

IN the course of the last years the Union of Socialist Soviet Republics has provided itself with almost everything a decent country should possess: it has banks, restaurants, Courts of Justice (if not Justice itself), Codes of Laws, a new bureaucracy, and even a new bourgeoisie comfortably prospering under the protection of the "proletarian dictatorship." The only thing which, in spite of all efforts, it so far has not been able to get, is a decent literature. In the years 1919-1920, when almost all the old writers filed out of Russia under various pretexts, the Soviet Government certainly had no idea how difficult it would be to replace them with new ones.

At first it was thought that this could be done by a decree. There appeared overnight a whole class of "proletarian writers," and a number of "futurists" to whom the pre-revolutionary Russia paid to attention were unearthed (the Soviet Government did not know to which of these two groups it should give preference). The former discussed at length the questions as to what was the difference between a "proletarian landscape" and a "non-proletarian one," between the "proletarian rhythm" and the "bourgeois rhythm," etc. Sometimes they tried to write verses or short stories, too (here again a question arose: should they write them "individually" or "collectively"? For a truly proletarian method of writing would be, no doubt, collective). The futurists acted in a simpler manner: they sang the seas of blood and the destruction of the old world, delighted over obscene invectives and falling skyscrapers, and insisted that the Soviet Government should make them "literary dictators of Russia" (this question was raised more than once by their official organ, *Lef*). Soon, however, even the Soviet Government realized that it would be foolish to take all these gentlemen in earnest.

In 1921-1922 a new attempt was made to fill the sad "cultural gap" which had appeared in Russian life after the exodus of the old writers. At the same time with the New Economic Policy, the New Literary Policy was promulgated. The Soviet Government decided to patronize, feed, and subsidize not only the enthusiastic extollers of the revolution, but also sincere, or even insincere, "fellow-travelers of the revolution." Soon there appeared quite a unmber of writers who, at the price of giving from time to time a solemn promise "to abide by the precepts of our dear Ilyich (Lenin)," were allowed to print their works in the Soviet periodicals and in the State publishing companies. The Soviet critics hastily proclaimed them "geniuses," "masters," and "stars." Men like B. Pilniak or the so-called Brothers Serapionov (a whole school of writers among whom V. Irvanov and K. Fedin became the most prominent) were unequivocally declared to be the legitimate literary successors of Tolstoy or Dostoievsky. This "baffling success" naturally knocked all sense out of the minds of the poor beginners. They immediately wrote their Autobiographies (for it is exactly with such a work that a writer usually makes his début in Soviet Russia), and began to write short stories. In a year or two it became evident that some of these men were not without talent, perhaps even not without considerable talent, but that they were utterly spoiled by various "radical" mannerisms and by an unbearable literary pretentiousness coupled with a complete lack of literary culture, or even of any culture. These "authors of autobiographies" are still writing something, but no one buys their books; were it not for State subsidies or, to put it simply, salaries, their literary careers would be ended.

Thus, the Soviet Union still remained, to the shame of its enlightened rulers, without anything that would deserve the name of literature. Yet, in the course of the last two years, three new men have appeared on the literary horizon of Moscow. Their names are Leonid Leonov, B. Pasternak, and I. Babel. It goes without saying that, like their predecessors, they were immediately proclaimed to be "geniuses" (the Soviet press has acquired the habit of issuing false immortality licenses literally every year). It goes without saying, too, that they are not geniuses, but simply beginners. Yet it must be recognized that these beginners represent a considerable improvement upon their predecessors. Let it be stated right away that with their advent Soviet Russia has made a step forward and has found itself nearer to real literature than before.

The most talented of these three is L. Leonov. He matured into a man during the years of Civil War. Unlike other Soviet writers of his age, he is entirely, or almost entirely, free of "grimaces of style;" he does not seek originality by placing the subject of the sentence exactly where it should not be, or by seasoning his narrative with the heaviest proletarian invectives. He does not shed blood on every page, either. He has a remarkable gift of drawing expressive, caricaturistic, and comical, portraits of men, mostly ridiculous, crankish, foolish, and miserable men. His style—also caricaturistically expressive—is very sculptural, colorful, and full-blooded. Perhaps Leonov imitates a little Count Alexey N. Tolstoy, a writer of the older generation and of all-Russian fame. Yet outside of that imitative element which may be justifiable in a very young writer, he has something of his own. He has a real, genuine talent. In the "Barsuki," practically the only long thing he has written (for the rest of his works are short stories and novelettes), he has given an interesting picture of that essentially dirty and muddy transition epoch through which Russia is passing at the present time. Of course, it is difficult to say whether Leonov will mature into a real first-row writer or not; yet the fact is that he is the first man in Soviet Russia at whom one may look with certain hopes and expectations. He is "a quarter of an hour to real literature," which undoubtedly is a great achievement for Soviet Russia.

The second writer to be mentioned in this brief review is I. Babel. Stylistically speaking, he is also a great improvement upon his predecessors, for his is also human speech, and not hysterical, half animal outcries. Moreover, he tries to construct his stories in an architecturally expressive manner, and sometimes succeeds in it. But—oh, curse of all Soviet writings!—his "Cavalry Corps" ("Konarmia") in which his best stories are assembled, is so crammed with "bodies weltering in blood," with scenes of murder and rape, with all sorts of sadistic horrors, that one literally cannot read it. Indeed, this is a question for the psychiatrists—why do the ninety per cent of Soviet writers still produce the impression of mentally deranged men? The blood-soaked period of the revolution has long since come to an end. Why, then, are these men still choking with a strange—delight? horror? how should we call it? over pools of blood and piles of dead bodies?

The third writer, B. Pasternak, is, in the opinion of the present reviewer, far less promising than Leonov or even Babel. His "ornamental prose" with numberless artifices, gymnastic tricks, and pretentious effects is fatiguing and unconvincing. He can be called a "master of style" only in a country where people have entirely forgotten what style is. The less we say of him—the better it will be.

Such are Soviet Russia's three new writers. Will they, at last, enrich her with the long-coveted "real literature," "real new literature"? Who knows? It would be senseless to prophesy anything. Yet one may say that both these young writers and Russia need at the present time above all education and culture, primary education and primitive culture. Metaphorically speaking, they must learn how to use the pocket handkerchief, a thing which they have entirely forgotten during the revolution. After they learn it, it will be time to speak of literature.

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The Oxford University Press, American Branch, announces the publication of "The Acts of the Early Christian Martyrs," translated by the Rev. E. C. Owen. This book contains translations of the oldest available accounts of the chief Christian Martyrdoms of the first two centuries of the Christian Era. For the most part the accounts used are either the official court records of the trials or narratives written by eyewitnesses. The value of these translations lies largely in the fact that Mr. Owen has passed by the medieval accounts of the martyrdoms with their full paraphernalia of miracles, and has gone to the starker, earlier records were the facts only are given.

The Dunster House Bookshop, Cambridge, Mass., announces a privately printed monograph on "Edwin Arlington Robinson and the Arthurian Legend," by Lucius Beebe of Harvard University.


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# Points of View

## More on Logan

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
SIR:

Logan's speech being under discussion in your recent issues of the *Review*, perhaps I can add something to the facts. I have given the subject some study and the following will be found historically correct:

Logan was not a full-blooded Indian. His father was said to be a half-breed, French on his paternal side. Logan was not very well liked among the loyal Indians on account of his close association with the whites. Accordingly with a few followers he left Pennsylvania for the Ohio country. Any wandering band of Indians was called Mingo, Logan or Tah-gah-jute, was an Iroquois and known as a Mingo Chief. His "family" or band of followers was cruelly murdered at Baker's bottom by Greathouse in the spring of 1774. He had among his "relatives" murdered neither wife nor children, but he did have a sister who was the wife of John Gibson, the scout and interpreter. At the time of this murder Col. Cresap and George Rogers Clark, with about twenty other kindred spirits, started out to kill Logan's followers and actually marched through the wilderness many miles to consummate this intention. During the march they changed their minds and went to the Ohio river, where they ambushed Indians canoeing on the river. Clark made a sworn statement as above. So while Logan was mistaken in citing Cresap as the murderer, he had reason for believing his charge was true. The historic battle at Point Pleasant between Col. Lewis and the war chief Cornstalk took place October 10th, 1774. Lewis's detachment of about fifteen hundred men was half of Lord Dunmore's army and was on its way to meet the Colonial governor of Virginia with his division at the plains of Pickaway, the stronghold of the Indians. Logan was not in this battle, as has been asserted. He had been in the south and had "fully glutted my vengeance" as he said for the murder of his "relatives" and was at his cabin at Westfall on the Scioto river.

After the surrender of Cornstalk Lord Dunmore sent for Logan to sign the peace treaty with the other Chiefs. Logan refused to attend, saying he was a warrior and not a statesman. Accordingly, Dunmore, who was at Camp Charlotte about five miles east of the Shawnee towns, sent his interpreter, John Gibson, to bring Logan in, the same John Gibson mentioned above, brother-in-law to Logan. Gibson was an intelligent, truthful, and reliable fellow of good education for the times. He spoke the Indian language and Logan spoke English well, as he had been reared among the white people.

Gibson found Logan wandering about and depressed. They sat down upon a log and after some conversation Logan dictated a letter or message to Lord Dunmore while Gibson wrote it down. It is not known whether the letter was dictated in English or in Indian. This "speech" was delivered to Lord Dunmore by John Gibson and was read aloud in camp. These facts were all brought out under oath at the investigation which Thomas Jefferson instituted to prove the authenticity of the "speech."

There is no speech of that day better authenticated than the one of Logan. It could hardly have been fabricated by a white man because no white man felt the deep sorrow and the poignant grief of ingratitude as the Indian felt it. Ingratitude is the note with which Logan's message is burdened. Pity for his race, disappointment for himself. With prophetic eye he now saw the Indian's hunting ground slipping from him: he saw his people decimated and effeminated by the white man's coming: he saw that what had happened in the east was going to happen in the west: he saw that he had unwittingly been a party to these things and a traitor to his race. The better and loyal Indians had long pointed the finger of scorn at him and said, "Logan is the friend of white men." He saw it all now and that October day, sitting with his brother-in-law near the great elm which now bears his name, he was overcome with grief and the tears trickled down his face as he dictated his letter to Lord Dunmore, a letter which is a cry from the heart of a "cruel savage."

That Logan became a drunken Indian is true. His history and that of the renowned George Rogers Clark are in later life parallel. They drowned the grief of ingratitude in liquor.

HOWARD JONES, M.D.
Circleville, Ohio.

## Barton and Aquinas

To the *Editor of the Saturday Review*:
SIR:

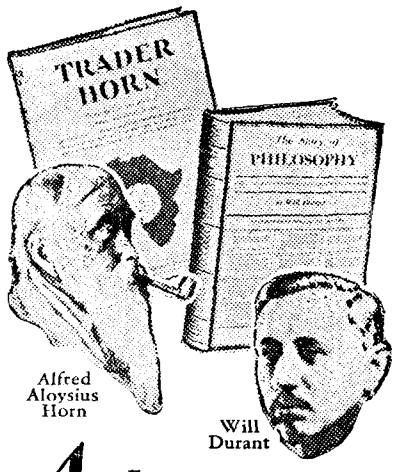
Mr. Elmer Davis says that "Mr. Barton, unlike Aquinas and other theologians, does not begin his answer by assuming God as an article of faith."

I do not blame Mr. Davis for not being acquainted with the work of St. Thomas, but I blame him for talking about it without knowing about it.

How ridiculous his statement is he will readily appreciate if he will take down the "Sumina Theologica" and look at *Q 2 art. 2* et seq.

And while he is at it he may as well look at the Prologus to the "Sumina," from which he will learn that this work was composed *ad eruditionem incipientium!* If he ponders this fact it may do him some good.

THOMAS F. WOODLOCK.
Washington, D. C.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The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received. Many of them will be reviewed later.

## Art

THE SUBSTANCE OF ARCHITECTURE. By *A. S. G. Butler*. Dial. $4.

THE MODERN MOVEMENT IN ART. By *R. H. Wilenski*. Stokes. $5.

LANDSCAPE ARCHITECTURE. By *Stephen Child*. Stanford University Press. $7.50.

THE CATHEDRALS OF FRANCE. By *T. Francis Bumpus*. Stokes. $10.

## Belles Lettres

THE ESSAY. By *M. Edmund Speare*. Oxford University Press. $1.

SINCE VICTOR HUGO. By *Bernard Fay*. Little, Brown. $2 net.

THE AMERICAN CARAVAN. Edited by *Van Wyck Brooks, Alfred Kreymborg, Lewis Mumford,* and *Paul Rosenfeld*. Macaulay. $5.

BUT IS IT ART? By *Percy Hammond*. Doubleday, Page. $2.50 net.

COUNTRY COUSINS. By *Walter A. Dyer*. Doubleday, Page.

CONVERSATION. By *Oliver Haseltine*. Dutton. $3.

BYWAYS AMONG BOOKS. By *Cyril Davenport*. Stokes. $3.

## Biography

SAMUEL SEWALL'S DIARY. Edited by MARK VAN DOREN. New York: Macy-Masius. 1927. $2.50.

This is a belated and much-needed book. It is strange that, although the interest and historical value of Sewall's diary were recognized immediately upon its publication in the Collections of the Massachusetts Historical Society, in 1878-1882, nearly fifty years had to pass before an abridgment in popular form was given us. The original fills three large volumes, from which Mr. Van Doren has made a judicious if regrettably brief (only 270 pages) selection. Sewall belonged to the middle Puritan period, and as a judge played a prominent part in the Salem witchcraft trials; of all the magistrates, he was the only one who later publicly confessed his error. A Harvard graduate, the son-in-law (as Hawthorne's story reminds us) of the colonial mint-master, a member of the council, and for ten years chief justice of the province, he was personally acquainted with almost every person and every transaction of importance in Massachusetts. His diary (with many considerable gaps) covers fifty years of his life, or roughly 1677-1727. The late H. L. Osgood somewhat rashly compared its interest with the more famous records of Evelyn and Pepys; and while this is an exaggeration, it does offer an incomparable picture of Puritan community and household life—of the daily happenings of the kitchen and parlor, the farmstead, the tavern, the town-meeting, and the church. Naturally, the religious devotion and the moral severity characteristic of an upright and godly Puritan form a marked feature of the record. Its perfect naturalness and frankness, and its full-flavored, sententious style add to its value. The work deserves the acquaintance of general readers as well as students of early New England history and letters, and in this form it should find a large public. A brief topical index would have added to its value, as would a somewhat larger introduction.

THE LIFE OF JOSEPH HODGES CHOATES. By *S. S. Martin*. Scribners. $5.

CHAUCER. By *George H. Cowling*. Dutton. $2.

PATRIOTS OFF THEIR PEDESTALS. By *Paul Wilstach*. Bobbs-Merrill. $2.75.

NAPOLEON IN CAPTIVITY. By *Julian Park*. Century. $3.

RECOLLECTIONS. By *George Horton*. Bobbs-Merrill. $4.

THE ROMANTICK LADY. By *Vivian Burnett*. Scribners. $3.50.

GENGHIS KHAN. By *Harold Lamb McBride*. $3.50 net.

REMINISCENCES OF ADVENTURE AND SERVICE. By *Major-General A. W. Greely*. Scribners. $3.50.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF JOSEPH SCALIGER. Translated by *George W. Robinson*. Harvard University Press.

JACQUES COEUR. By *Albert Boardman Kerr*. Scribners. $3.50.

MEN OF DESTINY. By *Walter Lippmann*. Macmillan. $2.50.

AN AMERICAN SOLDIER AND DIPLOMAT: HORACE PORTER. By *Elsie Porter Meade*. Stokes. $5.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A WOMAN SOLDIER. Stokes. $3.50.

A NEW ENGLAND BOYHOOD. By *Edward Everett Hale*. Little, Brown.

A TWO-GUN CYCLONE. By *B. E. Denton*. Dallas, Texas: Denton. $1.50.

SOME MEMORIES AND RECOLLECTIONS. By *Emma Eames*. Appleton. $5.

A FLORENTINE DIARY. By *Luca Landucci*. Dutton. $3.

THE LIFE OF BUDDHA. By *A. Ferdinand Herold*. A. & C. Boni. $3.

THE THREE SITWELLS. By *R. L. Mergroz*. Doran. $3 net.

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THE DIARY OF RUSSELL BERESFORD. Edited by *Cecil Roberts*. Doran. $2.50.

MASTER HIGHWAYMEN. By *Joseph Gollomb. Macaulay*. $2.50.

THE LIFE OF TIM HEALY. By *Liam O'Flaherty*. Harcourt, Brace. $3.75.

NAPOLEON AND HIS FAMILY. By *Walter Geer*. Brentanos. $5.

THE PRIVATE DIARY OF LEO TOLSTOY. Edited by *Aylmer Maude*. Translated by *Louise and Aylmer Maude*. Doubleday, Page.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF BENVENUTO CELLINI. Translated by *John Addington Symonds*. Doubleday, Page.

THE PERFECT COURTIER. By *Julia Cartwright*. Dutton. 2 vols. $10.

## Education

THE PROBLEM OF INDUSTRIAL EDUCATION. By *Arthur B. Mays*. Century. $2.25.

INTRODUCTORY STUDIES IN LITERATURE. By *James Fleming Hosic* and *W. Wilbur Hatfield*. Century. $1.90.

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FROM LATIN TO ITALIAN. By *Charles Hall Grandgent*. Harvard University Press. $2.50.

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READINGS IN HISPANIC AMERICAN HISTORY. By *Andrew N. Cleven*. Ginn. $3.60.

A CHAUCER HANDBOOK. By *Robert Dudly* French. Crofts. $2.

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THE SPOKEN WORD. By *William Norwood Brigance*. Crofts. $2.25.

## Fiction

THE "CANARY" MURDER CASE. By S. S. VAN DINE. Scribners. 1927. $2.

Mr. Van Dine's tale was widely read and followed with liveliest interest as it ran serially in *Scribner's Magazine*, proof if proof is needed, of the sustained uncertainty of its conclusion and the clever manipulation of its incidents. It is one of the best of the recent detective stories, compact, swift, and well articulated, with sufficient exciting detail to give it piquancy and enough variety of complication to exercise the ingenuity of the reader continuously. From the moment of its beginning with the discovery of the murder of a beautiful actress to the final revelation of her destroyer the pace of the story never flags.

TAKEN AT THE FLOOD. By GERALDINE BONNER. Bobbs-Merrill. 1927. $2.

The opening incident of this compact thriller (the whole of it transpires within a crowded twenty-four hours), the robbery by two bandits of a paymaster during a time of flood devastation in California, establishes the source of the subsequent, closely packed action. After splitting their loot of $6,600, the thieves take flight through the deluged, sparsely peopled valley, where they are trustfully received in a rancher's house.

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EXTREME OCCASION. By ALEC DIXON. New York. Dodd, Mead. 1927. $2.50.

What one expects from a story about a jungle island in the Pacific is action; and "Extreme Occasion" gives it. "Bulalang" is the explosive name selected by Alec Dixon for his "speck of dust in the blue wash of Mercator's projection," and the hero, a British Empire builder, one of those who have

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(Continued on next page)

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# The New Books

## Fiction

(*Continued from preceding page*)

Keith's wife has eloped with another man and in the midst of his trouble he learns that she is confined on a leper island; he also discovers that he is in love with another woman. Plots and counterplots develop thick and fast. How it all comes out may be discovered by reading the book. It will take your mind off anything else.

A GENTLEMAN FROM TEXAS. By HEARNDEN BALFOUR. Houghton Mifflin. 1927. $2.

When the blurb writer modestly intimates that this book "combines the mystery of Oppenheim with the humor of Wodehouse," he buries Mr. Hearnden Balfour and rolls a great stone on his grave. Mr. Balfour is light; you can see him being light. This is better than if you could see him being heavy, but it is not so very good. As for the mystery, it also works too hard! Properties reminiscent of the honeymoon days of the horror story, of Udolpho and Ostranto and Ambrosio the Monk, are piled up without producing any particular effect on the reader but astonishment at the author's indefatigability. The iniquities of Mr. Balfour's villain are copious and various, but neither they nor he ever deceive the reader for one moment into believenig that they are anything but the inventions of a writer determined to produce a mystery story. In the dialogue of his American characters Mr. Balfour, though by no means faultless, usually avoids the grosser errors into which British novelists are prone to fall.

THE LEFT BANK. By *Jean Rhys.* Harpers. $2.
ZANONI. By *Edward Bulwer Lytton.* (Beacon Library.) Little, Brown. $2 net.
MONDAY TALES. By *Alphonse Daudet.* (Beacon Library.) Little, Brown. $2 net.
THE CASTLE ROCK MYSTERY. By *George Gibbs.* Appleton. $2.
THE PALLID GIANT. By *Pierrepont B. Noyes.* Revell. $2.
THE SILVER URN. By *Foxhall Daingerfield.* Appleton. $2.
THE DANGEROUS ISLES. By *Basil Carey.* Dial. $2.
BLACK STREAM. By *Nathalie Colby.* Harcourt, Brace. $2.50.
VAUDEVILLE. By *Aben Kandel.* New York: Henry Watterson Co. $2.
THE MAN WHO WAS BORN AGAIN. By *Paul Busson.* Day. $2.50 net.
SOME PEOPLE. By *Harold Nicolson.* Houghton Mifflin. $2.50.
THE REVOLT OF THE BIRDS. By *Melville Davisson Post.* Appleton. $1.50.
CHILDREN OF THE WIND. By *Doris Peel.* Houghton Mifflin. $2.50.
THE GARLAND OF DEFEAT. By *Florence Mary Bennett.* Vinal. $2.
FIX BAYONETS! By *John W. Thomason, Jr* Scribners. $2.
LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF PETER PORCUPINE. By *William Cobbett.* Nonesuch.
FAIR EXCHANGE. By *Grant Richards.* Doran. $2.50 net.
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ESTHER DE WARREN. By *Marshall Saunders.* Doran.
HOMING PIGEON. By *Emily Wildington Williams.* Macaulay. $2.
THE MAKING OF PERET CRAY. By *William Reyliger.* Appleton. $1.75.
YESTERDAY'S HARVEST. By *Margaret Pedler.* Doran. $2 net.
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IN THE BEGINNING. By *Alan Sullivan.* Dutton. $2.
SHIP OF DREAMS. By *Edith Ballinger Price.* Century. $1.75.
THE ANATOMY OF VIRTUE. By *Vincent Sheean.* Century. $2.
THE WAY OF SINNERS. By *F. R. Buckley.* Century. $2.
THE BARBURY WITCH. By *Anthony Richardson.* Dodd, Mead. $2.50.
STRANGE WOMAN. By *Elmer Davis.* McBride. $2 net.
GROVE EDITION OF JOHN GALSWORTHY'S WORKS. To Let, Villa Rubein, and The Burning Spear. Satires. The Inn of Tranquillity, The Man of Property, In Chancery. Scribners. $1.25 each.
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CASTE. By *Cosmo Hamilton.* Putnam. $2.
THE VOICE OF FIRE. By *Manuel Komroff.* Paris: Edward W. Titus, 4 Rue Delambe, Montparmasse.
COUNTERPOINT. By *Josephine Daskan Bacon.* Day. $2.50 net.
"SEWING SUSIE." By *Elsie Singmaster.* Houghton Mifflin. $1.50.
EHE EXILE. By *Mary Johnston.* Little, Brown. $2.50 net.

## Juvenile

DOWNRIGHT DENCEY. By CAROLINE DALE SNEDEKER. Doubleday, Page. 1927. $2.

Here is a very unusual book for girls; one of those extremely rare stories full of life and vitality and with a genuinely American background. In this particular case it is the Nantucket of nearly a hundred years ago, in the height of its whaling prosperity, and the heroine is a spirited young Quaker girl who befriends Jetsam, a poor waif of a boy cast ashore by the sea from a wreck and allowed to grow up in haphazard fashion along the wharves and on the wildest places of the moors. There is real atmosphere here and a sense of the industry and social life of the past in that once active and most American of towns. The reader, young or old, will feel a salty flavor as he turns the pages and a curious reality pervades the book, as if one were being allowed a peep through some old window into a past when whaling ships loaded with sperm-oil, and sheep-shearing on the commons, quaint old Quakers courtings and customs, and old time gatherings of one sort or another, were in full swing.

Perhaps an older reader feels this side of the book more than the actual story, but that, too, is full of vigor and spirit. The heroine is a real character and many quaint persons of the town come to life again in the pages. In spite of the stern Quaker customs and habits, there is no sense of moralizing, no priggishness anywhere, but rather a quality of youth and romance (fortunately unhampered by sentimentality) linking the Quaker girl of that little seaport town with her twentieth century counterparts.

There are numerous little black and white headings of old Nantucket by Maginel Wright Barney, who has managed to combine a realistic sense of the place with artistic charm and quaintness. Altogether it is a most appealing book, one of the most satisfying girls' stories we have come across in years.

SMOKY. By *Will James.* Scribners. $3. Popular edition. $1.
TOUCHDOWN! By *A. A. Stagg* and *W. W. Stout.* Longmans, Green. $2.50.
SOAPSUD'S LAST YEAR. By *Ethel Comstock Bridgman.* Century. $1.75.
BROTHER BLACKFOOT. By *Alan Sullivan.* Century. $1.75.
UNCLE SAM'S ANIMALS. By *Margaret Frances Fox.* Century. $2.
THE DREAMLAND EXPRESS. By *H. R. Millar.* Dodd, Mead.
TEXAS FIRELIGHT TALES. Retold by *Ahlee James.* Longmans. $2.50.
COAT TALES FROM THE POCKETS OF A HAPPY GIANT. By *Ethel* and *Frank Owen.* Abingdon. $1.
SKITTER CAT AND MAJOR. By *Eleanor Youmans.* Bobbs-Merrill.
DERIC WITH THE INDIANS. By *Deric Nusbaum.* Putnam. $1.75.
BOB NORTH STARTS EXPLORING. By *Robert Carver North.* Putnams. $1.75.
LET'S PRETEND. By *Georgette Agnew.* Putnam. $1.75.

## Poetry

AN ODE TO SCANDAL. By *Richard Brinsley Sheridan.* Edited by R. Crompton Rhodes. Houghton Mifflin.

A BERMUDA GARDEN OF SONG. By *Bessie Gray.* Marshall Jones.

## Science

CREATION. By EDWIN TENNEY BREWSTER. Bobbs-Merrill. 1927. $3.50.

Histories of the idea of Evolution have been written, but the author finds it well to write a comparable history of the idea of Special Creation. The result, for all those even slightly acquainted with the evidences for Evolution, is something near surprise at the utter bankruptcy of the several doctrines of Special Creation. Nowhere better than in this book may one compare the effect of these two alternative conceptions on the thought and action of various races of men. The several chapters provide striking contrasts of the results of mental effort that follows the two paths—Revelation and Discovery. The book is interestingly written and is especially worth while for those among us who find the evidence for the natural evolutional origin of the earth and man a too technical subject. The history of Special Creation theories turns out a powerful and uncommon argument for evolution.

ORIENTAL ENCOUNTERS. By MARMADUKE PICKTHALL. Knopf. 1927. $3.50.

Mr. Pickthall's new, or, more strictly, newly reprinted book is a record of his travels in the Near East during the years 1894-1896. It is far from the ordinary "travel book," however, completely avoiding the stock descriptions and impressions which the average European voyager deems worthy of print. Here, rather than places seen and persons interviewed, we have a leisurely account of how a young Englishman, singularly free of prejudice, made friends with his Syrian servants, with the Turkish officials, with his fellow travelers, and with whatever manner of man chance placed in his way. It is, in its entirety, the story of what Mr. Pickthall learned about the East, and how he did it. There are no statistics, no thesis regarding the relations between European and Oriental, no conclusion. Yet from these anecdotes of how his dragoman lost and recovered his master's whip, of how he was received by the chief of the Druzes, of the native inns at which he slept, there emerges the distinct fact that Pickthall knows as few other men can the way of those lands. He writes charmingly, simply, and with abundant humor. It is an effortless, unpretentious, thoroughly likable book, and one that should be welcome to the many who enjoyed his "Saïd the Fisherman," of recent and blessed memory.


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# The Reader's Guide

Conducted by MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

**Inquiries in regard to the selection of books and questions of like nature should be addressed to MRS. BECKER, c/o *The Saturday Review*.**

*A. F., New York, asks for books that will inform him on what foods to eat for the reduction of weight?*

"DIET and Health with Key to the Calories," by Dr. Lulu Peters (Reilly & Lea), has fairly swept the other reduction books from the field. Considering the number of copies that must at this moment be at hand in American homes, it is a wonder there any curves left in the country. Another famous book, which contains advice on diet for every purpose, is Mary Swartz Rose's "Feeding the Family" (Macmillan), and a popular thinning one is "Overweight, Its Cause and Treatment," by Howk and Fellows (Metropolitan Life Ins. Co.). Professor Rose has just published "The Foundations of Nutrition" (Macmillan), in which the history and principles of the subject are brought to a compass and described in a style adapted not only to giving information but to holding the interest of the general reader. It is a text-book with reading-lists for every chapter, but would be useful in a home library.

"HERE IS ENGLAND," by Marion Balderston (McBride), is for motor tourists but may be used by walkers: it takes the Pilgrim's way for one of its routes, beginning with Kit's Coty House, and keeping much the same track—along roadways at least—as I have taken on foot—this will interest inquirers who have asked me to route this journey. This book describes cathedrals and other famous buildings, and gives bits of history and legend in a discursive but inspiring way. "Touring England," by Sydney R. Jones (Scribners), is small enough to go into a reasonably-sized pocket, illustrated with excellent vignettes breathing the spirit of place, and detailed enough to be a real help in planning motor journeys or getting the lay of the land for walking. "The Homeland of English Authors," by Ernest H. Rann (Dutton), is the sort of book for which many intending tourists ask me every Spring to help them plan tours along lines of literary associations. There are pleasant chapters about the country of Dickens, Hardy, Carlyle, Belloc, Bennett, the Sussex novelists, the neighborhood of Stratford, and several other regions, and the method of presentation is unusual. "Things Seen in Shakespeare's Country," by Olive Holland (Dutton), is a new addition to this useful collection of small, well-illustrated books. I suppose by this time everyone who goes abroad knows the "Highways and Byways" series issued by Macmillan, presenting in text by famous authors illustrated by a group of artists that includes Joseph Pennell, the charms of every corner of the British Isles. *The Landmark*, the official magazine of the English-Speaking Union, has a section devoted every month to touring in the British Isles, with photographs that are most alluring, the May number of this year had especially good motor routes for "Seeing Britain." "Traveling Light," by Mildred Harrigan (Brentanos), gives advice for beginners in getting about in Great Britain, France, Belgium, and Holland, and "American Shrines on English Soil," by F. T. Muirhead, famous for the "Blue Guides" (Macmillan), is an unusually good compact guide to these points of contact. "The English Inn Past and Present," by Eberlein and Richardson (Lippincott), is a fine large volume with many pictures, a review of the history and social importance of the coaching inns that now mean so much to Americans on tour. I think I would like a life-job writing books like this; fancy spending one's best years carefully inspecting places like the Old George in Salisbury or the Mitre at Oxford, convincing one's self that it was necessary to stay at least a week longer to get the necessary information for chapter fourteen. "So You're Going to England" (Houghton Mifflin), is one of the most popular of the Clara E. Laughlin travel guides. "Cathedrals and Abbey Churches of England" (Nelson, $10), is the set of famous color plates by Cecil Aldin, with descriptive text by the artist; there are the pictures by which most people accustomed to looking into print-shop windows recognize the abbeys of England when they see them. "King Arthur's Country," by F. J. Snell (Dutton), is about Cornwall, Dorset, Devon, Wales, Northumberland, and Brittany: as this inquirer is interested especially in by-paths, Donald Maxwell's "Unknown Essex" (Putnams), and C. E. Vulliamy's "Unknown Cornwall" (Putnams), will be golden news. Walter Dexter's "Mr. Pickwick's Pilgrimages" (Lippincott) is charming reading, and good for celebrants of the Pickwick Centenary.

PROFESSOR EVA M. SANFORD, of the Department of History, College for Women, Cleveland, Ohio, enriches this department with a letter on herbals and the like, so juicy that I must give it in full:

"The appeal in last week's number for books on medieval medicine strikes such a responsive chord in view of my chief occupation this week that I cannot resist adding a suggestion or two to your list. They are doubtless included in Thorndike's book (which I have read with joy but merged with other matters as to its detail), but I think deserve some special mention. Chief among them is the poem 'De Cultura Hortorum' of Walahfrid Strabo, a monk of St. Gall in the early ninth century, and much of a poet. While he writes with a genuine love of gardening and appreciation of the beauty of his plants, the greater part of the poem is really given over to the uses of the plants which he grows and these are largely medicinal. The ailments which loom largest in his mind are eye troubles of various kinds, the troubles caused by an over-tardy action of the digestive tract (a good modern touch, but met by herb teas instead of yeast), and wounds, blows, and snake bites, for the last of which a poultice of pounded lilies is of remarkable efficacy. The poem has not so far as I know been translated into English, but the Latin is very much colored by Vergil and Ovid and is perfectly possible for anyone who has read them and has access to a good dictionary. The best edition is in volume two of the Poetæ Latini Ævi Karolini in the Monumenta Germaniæ Historica, far less formidable than it sounds.

"Another fascinating bit for which I have not exact references with me on my vacation, but which can easily be traced through Sandys's 'History of Classical Culture,' is the so-called 'Medicina Plinii,' a compilation of the extracts from the 'Natural History,' made by a medieval worthy who found himself, in the course of his frequent travels, frequently forced to consult strange doctors who so gouged him for utterly unworthy and useless treatments that he decided in self-defense to be his own doctor in his subsequent travels, and generously put his collection at the service of others in like case. Thorndike undoubtedly mentions this also. The authority of the Elder Pliny on all scientific and medical matters may be illustrated by the fact that I find him still quoted as authority for the growth of mushrooms from the excrement of the earth and trees, in a standard Latin lexicon published in Italy in 1862. It has taken modern instruments of scientific discovery to oust him from his proud place, consequently I think that at least in educated circles, medieval and ancient medicine would be found to be very closely parallel.

"Either a scarcity of doctors or a mistrust of them is indicated by the frequency with which one finds prescriptions of one sort or another written into the blank end pages or margins of manuscripts of various sorts. One which I remember in, if I am not mistaken, a manuscript of the tenth century, is for the medicine which Charles the Great used on occasions when the imperial digestion did not function perfectly. Again I regret that I have not brought it with me—it might be useful in the course of a summer—but I remember pepper and other highly inflammatory ingredients among a long list, warranted either to kill or to cure.

"And for a parody on the more extravagant claims of the clever physicians of Salerno in the latter middle ages there is the famous prescription which Galen himself gives to the ass Burnellus in Nigellus Wireker's poem in the second volume of Wright's 'Satirical Latin Poems of the Twelfth Century' in the Rolls Series. The prescription would have given points to Shakespeare's witches, and its intention was to increase the length of the poor ass's tail. His misfortune prevented it from being properly tested, so we cannot tell how it would have worked, though I think it is safe to say that *if* all the ingredients could have been collected it would probably have grown a tail for anyone. Those interested in educational problems, incidentally, might find much to ponder on in the same ass's adventures when he decided to make up for the total loss of the tail he had hoped to gain distinction by lengthening, by a course at the University of Paris."


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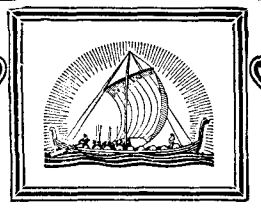

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# The Phoenix Nest

WE might call the ensuing remarks, "Thoughts upon the Twentieth Century," for that is where we are as we write, on the Twentieth Century. We have just left the observation car and are now in the club car—which is the other end of of the train. . . .

We left the observation car because there was a pretty girl sitting there to whom we should have liked to talk except that we lacked the nerve. As an antidote we read two articles on *Helen Wills*, one in *The New Yorker*, and one in *Judge*. Helen Wills is our dream girl. And if the Twentieth Century gets to New York on time we hope to be able to rush out to Forest Hills to see her in the finals. . . .

We thought of several ways of capturing the attention of the pretty girl in the observation car, while we wondered whether she were looking at us or not. The first was that we learned a good card trick before we left California—but now that is no good because we can't remember how it went; and the folding-up card trick that our youngest child placed in our pocket ere we left California (and which we have just found there) is too excruciatingly simple to show to a pretty girl in an observation car. Besides, you can't just cross the aisle, bend over and say, "Wanta see a nice card trick?" At least, *we* can't. Suppose she said, "Not in the least!" . . .

We have (or *had*) thought of another way of attracting her attention. On the table next to the writing desk we descried a typewriter. At first we thought of writing this column on it. Then we thought of writing, "Now is the time for all pretty girls to come to the conversational aid of a bored party," and leaving it in the typewriter and sitting down to read. Then she might get up to use the typewriter. . . .

But suppose she didn't get up to use the typewriter? At that moment this quandary was solved because an official-looking young man in a uniform entered the car and his cap bore the strange device, "Stenographer." He went over and examined the typewriter in a haughty way and then gave us a dirty look. But despite that we thought we might perhaps dictate a letter to him which the pretty girl would necessarily overhear. We might begin it:

Dear Mother:

There is a pretty girl in this car I should like to speak to but cannot because I have been so well brought up and have had such a clean home life—

That beginning might make a good impression. Then we might go on to say:

Please tell Fumble, the butler, to lay out my dinner clothes for the Vanderbilt dance Monday night as I shall be home by that time—

That might make us seem a desirable *parti*. Then we might go on—— but just at this point the official stenographer walked out on us, and anyway the pretty girl might not have believed that letter; so we walked out too. . . .

In the Club Car on this desk we find a pamphlet entitled "A Train" (reprinted from an article in *The New Yorker* by *Morris Markey*). Well, we like this twenty-hour train ourselves. We will be in New York around ten A. M. (Eastern Standard Time) tomorrow morning. That is fair enough. We are in a car called "Cyrus Field," and glad it is not called "Cyrus Curtis." Why not just Cyrus? Isn't Cyrus himself Great enough for them? On the Overland to Chicago the Club Car was named after the town we used to live in when we were in California fifteen years ago, so we were quite at home. It had a barbershop, though, instead of a tannery—the car, we mean. . . .

Now we are passing across what is known as the Hoosier State and we must say it is a lot of rather uninteresting fields, so far as we can see. We have read an article on poker by *F. P. A.* in *Liberty*. It did not, however, take us fourteen minutes and thirty seconds to read it, as *Liberty* said it would. That "reading time" business is something the good old five-cent magazine has put over on us since we have been away. They now prefix every article or story by "Reading Time—so and so," in italics. You look at a story and see, "*Reading time 25 minutes.*" It makes it seem formidable indeed. What a childish stunt! How moronic! Do they wish to turn reading into an occupation to be measured by the clock? If one adds up the horrid total and sees in advance how many precious minutes—nay, hours—one is likely to waste on *Liberty*, one recoils aghast. . . .

We may now be passing Goshen, Millersburg, Ligonier, Kendallville, or Waterloo, —we don't know. But when we come to Lake Erie we are sure to know it. . . .

The cost of the Club Car, we see, was $50,000. You would think then that they would provide typewriter-size paper besides letter-paper. . . .

We see now that the stenographer's services are free. Perhaps that's why he gave us that dirty look. We seemed to him like somebody who might employ him. But we couldn't see ourselves dictating *The Phoenix Nest* to him in public. And if we had dictated a letter to the pretty girl to him we might have been arrested. . . .

We see that the *New Yorker* runs a parody of the recent give and take between *Heywood Broun* and *Ralph Pulitzer* in the *World*. The parody isn't terribly funny. We were given a big kick by Heywood's fearless and excellent articles on the Sacco-Vanzetti outrage, even way out on the Coast. His final reply to Pulitzer and the *World* was a masterpiece. Broun is very likely to go down in history as one of the extremely few great journalistic writers of our time,—and let no one forget it. Above all, he is a man of consistently courageous independence and logic. His sturdy integrity makes the Press look flutteringly pussy-footing. . . .

So *St. Loe Strachey* is dead! There was an admirable editor! We have but few of that breed in these states, worse luck! Our silent salaam to the passing of the genius of the *Spectator*. . . .

Well, soon now we shall be arguing with *O'Reilley* that his rodentry must advance along other lines henceforward. Far be it from us to ruin any mouse's career at the outset,—but we *must* have our desk back. The winter will soon approach, and how else keep a roof over our heads. . . .

Because we *never* buy books any more and yet bought a copy of "The Cat's Eye," by *R. Austin Freeman* at a newsstand in the La Salle Street Station, to read on the train, we recommend the book to all setting forth on a train journey of twenty hours or so. It's worth the two dollars. Dodd, Mead publishes all *Freeman's* work. . . .

On the train we have read also several stories by *Don Marquis* in several different magazines. The one in a recent *Scribners* about an old club servant was especially good. We are glad to see Don writing more short stories, for he has a native gift for that vehicle. . . .

The favorite book of our thirteen-year-old son, we report, has lately been "Andivius Hedulio," by *Edward Lucas White*. We have recommended to him (though not in the same class) the short stories in "Lukundoo," by the same author. . . .

We are now going back to the Observation Car. . . . No, only to count *en route* how many people are asleep in the various cars. If too many are asleep we shall wake them up. It gets monotonous—and we shall be constantly passing to and fro—if not fro and to. . . .

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"Wise, witty, vivid and enthralling, this gorgeous book is a classic on the instant," says *The Sunday Times*, London, of *Trader Horn*.

*The Inner Sanctum* goes to press Thursday night at five o'clock. Last week's record-breaking sales figure on *Trader Horn* was, therefore, not quite accurate. The complete returns show 6,051 copies—sold in *five* days, Saturday being a holiday both for *The Inner Sanctum* and the outer shipping room.

Again *The Inner Sanctum* must apologize to WILLIAM MCFEE and JOHN GALSWORTHY. The rickle-tickle situation has become acute. The author of *Casuals of the Sea* quoted the author of *The Forsythe Saga* as saying that *Trader Horn* would *rickle* the appetite of the most jaded. Warning to advertising men, proofreaders, editors and typographical kibitzers generally: when we say *rickle* we mean *rickle*. Consult your dictionary and follow copy.

A fantastic plan for a poetical tribute to *Trader Horn* hit a snag when the assembled versifiers of *The Inner Sanctum*, professional and amateur, failed ignominiously to find a rhyme for "Aloysius". Readers are hereby challenged to find a word. A copy of the 20th edition of *Trader Horn* will be gratefully presented to the person devising the winning rhyme.

The ultra-fashionable millinery belt of West Fifty-Seventh Street is all aflutter over the latest vogue in gids' hats—the Trader Horn model: a black felt knockabout creation, which can be worn at any angle. It is based on the chapeau worn by Alfred Aloysius Horn when he made that memorable gridiron-selling pilgrimage to the back *Stoep* of Mrs. Ethelreda Lewis's house in Johannesburg, Transvaal. The ornament is a miniature gridiron.

Best-sellers this week:

*Transition, A Mental Autobiography.** by WILL DURANT.....advance sale
*Trader Horn*.....41st thousand
*The Story of Philosophy*....172nd thousand
*The Cross Word Puzzle Books*, the 2nd million.
*To be published September 30th

Our worst-seller this week: *Verdi*, A Novel of the Opera, by FRANZ WERFEL.

So far as we are concerned, the American reading public can consider itself rebuked and humiliated for neglecting a book as distinguished and as beautiful as *Verdi*. In the heart of *The Inner Sanctum* it ranks with *Jean Christophe* as a novel for the years.

Abroad, *Verdi* made FRANZ WERFEL famous overnight, put him high in the running for the Nobel Prize, and went through fifty editions in three years . . . *Sixty thousand Germans can't be wrong.*

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# The World of Rare Books

By FREDERICK M. HOPKINS

RIVERSIDE LIMITED EDITIONS

THE forecast for the fall of 1927 of the publications of Houghton Mifflin Company will be of very special interest to the discriminating book lover.

In view of the wide interest in Shelley, Walter Edwin Peck's biography of "His Life and Work" promises to take its place not only as a permanent addition to English literature and an absorbing study of perhaps the most complex and fascinating characters of literary history, but as one of the most popular biographies of the fall season. A special limited edition of 175 copies, autographed by the author and containing additional letters and illustrations, will be issued.

A new edition of Thoreau's "Walden" has for its chief attraction the illustrations in wood-cut by Eric Fitch Daglish, and is remarkable for the skill and faithfulness of reproductions of bird drawings. The American edition is limited to 500 copies.

An essay, "The Moon," by Thoreau, which came into the possession of the publishers some years ago has now been published for the first time in a limited edition of 500 copies. Lovers of Thoreau and of nature will welcome this little volume in a format worthy of the text.

A new edition limited to 1,000 copies for sale in America of Fitzgerald's translation of the "Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam," brought out by the Shakespeare Head Press, will be of interest to lovers of fine typography. The format is the product of the greatest care in arrangement and composition, while the decorations have been drawn especially for this text. The publishers promise that as an example of the printer's art, this volume will satisfy all who wish to see one of the great classics of the English language issued in a form which does it justice.

Richard Brinsley Sheridan's "Ode to Scandal," issued anonymously in 1781, has been printed in a limited edition of 150 copies for sale in America. In the same volume is Sheridan's "A Portrait." Both poems have long been out of print.

Marc Lescarbot's "The Theatre of Neptune," the first play ever produced upon the American Continent, was presented "upon the waves" of Port Royal, November 14, 1606. Its immediate occasion was the return of the Sieur de Poutrincourt from the perils of the Armouchiquois country. In the company of Poutrincourt was Samuel Champlin, the future organizer of all that was stable in the French possessions of North America. This outstanding item of Americana has been printed in a limited edition of 400 copies.

Another lively and interesting volume, the journal of "An American Lady in Paris, 1828-1829," edited by Mary Mayo Crenshaw, has been printed in a limited edition of 1,000 copies. Most of this traveler's time was spent in Paris and its neighborhood, where she met Lafayette, the royal family, and all the conspicuous persons of the period and place. The book is handsomely illustrated.

The publishers, whose special and limited editions have long been famous for good taste and fine typography, promise that these limited editions will do justice to the high standing of the Riverside Press for choice bookmaking.

SPECIAL PRINTING NUMBERS

THE issue of *The Publishers' Weekly* for September 3 is a special "Good Bookmaking Number" and comes at a very opportune time, as the Fourth Graphic Arts Exposition was just opened at the Grand Central Palace last week. The leading article is entitled "The Graphic Arts Exposition Opens in New York" and is an outline sketch of the great international exhibition. This is followed by "Ten New Title-Pages," by Mary McRae McLucas; "Private Presses and the Books They Have Given Us," by Will Ransom; "The 'Coordinator of Printing,'" by Sidney A. Storer; "On the Use of Type Ornament in the Design of Bindings," by Robert S. Josephy; and "And By the Way—" Robert O. Ballou's monthly bookmaking department. All of these articles have been attractively illustrated, and make a most timely and interesting number of this trade publication.

Edmund G. Gress, editor of *The American Printer*, has prepared another of his famous special numbers, in connection with the opening of the Graphic Arts Exposition, which students of typography and lovers of fine printing cannot afford to miss. This number contains fifty inserts representing choice specimens of famous designers and modern presses, emphasizing the influence of modernistic tendencies in American printing and new methods of reproduction. An article of special interest is one by J. M. Bowles entitled "Getting Away from the Universal Sameness of Printing and Advertising;" another significant article is Robert F. Salade's "Three Years of Progress: Developments and Improvements in the Printing Machine." The editor of *The American Printer* believes that the strides in mechanism in these past few years have been more rapid in printing than in any other industry.

PRIVATE PRESSES

WILL RANSOM, Chicago designer and typographer, begins a series of articles on the functions and accomplishments of the private presses of England and America, in the current number of *The Publishers' Weekly*, which will continue for eight or ten issues in the first and third numbers each month. In Mr. Ransom's first article, "What a Private Press Is," he outlines some of the characteristics of famous special presses and the conditions under which they were organized, and finally concludes "that the true definition of a private press remains to be stated. Every one has a particular form of expression, to him the easiest, most enjoyable, or undeniably insistent. Along with those who turn to the lines, colors, and tones of the fine arts, or the intellectual excitement of science, there are some who find their aesthetic release through type, ink, and paper. So they become printers, either to the public, in the way of business, or to their ideal. With few, if any exceptions, they are servants of an ideal who have established private presses." This series of articles comes at a time when the book collecting world is paying more attention to genuinely fine bookmaking than ever before, and will be read with more than ordinary interest.

BERNARD SHAW PROOFS

THE first effects in this country of George Bernard Shaw's removal from 10 Adelphi Terrace, where he has lived for thirty years, have reached New York in the form of five printer's proofs of plays brought here by Edgar H. Wells, the rare book dealer. When the playwright recently changed his quarters, he disposed of a part of his library, including these proofs. Mr. Shaw's corrections were numerous in "Overruled," from which the word "short" is stricken from the title, "a short dramatic study." "Augustus Does His Bit," bears the additional legend on the title page of "An unofficial dramatic tract on the war saving and cognate topics, by the author of the Inca of Perusalem." Three proofs of "Great Catherine" carry the explanatory title not appearing in the regular edition, as follows: "A Thumbnail Sketch of the Court Life in St. Petersburgh in the Eighteenth Century." The proofs of "Great Catherine" show an oversight by the author unusual with so exacting a proofreader as Mr. Shaw is known to be. The title page of the first has the quotation, "Great Catherine whom the world still adores." On the second proof the playwright saw the line did not scan, so he corrected it to "In Catherine's reign, whom Glory still adores," which is the true line from Byron. All the proofs are in the form of small paper-covered pamphlets. Apparently it was decided that this would not be an advantageous method of printing the dramatist's shorter works. "Overruled" appeared in a volume with "Pygmalion," while "Great Catherine" and "Augustus Does His Bit" were companion pieces in a volume of shorter plays entitled "Heartbreak House." Here are unique items that will appeal to the exacting Shaw collector.


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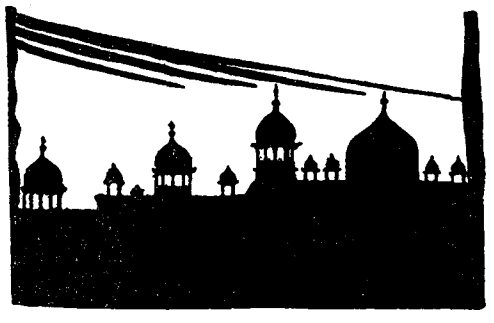

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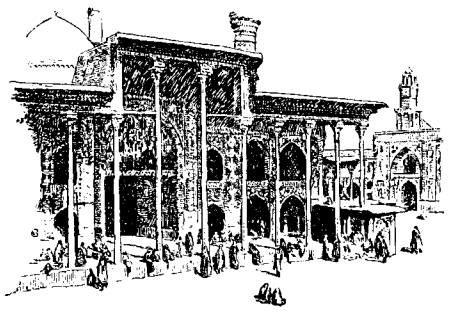

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